

LOVELLA

Written by

Laurel Elizabeth Hasara

2/18/2020

FADE IN:

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - NIGHT

We move down a row of first floor windows in the back of a brick dormitory. A partitioning stretch of grass littered with party remnants separates it from an ominous treeline.

All windows are closed, motionless... until we come to the last one in the row. It's open and INSTRUMENTAL CLASSICAL MUSIC emanates. A single sheet of paper flutters out from its black void and dances softly in the autumn zephyr.

A pale female arm shoots out across the window sill. The hand makes a subtle "come here" gesture, twisting her wrist and curling her fingers back towards her palm. The paper automatically changes course. No longer descending to the ground as gravity would predict. It flutters right into the female's pale hand.

The hand and the paper both vanish back into the black void of the dorm room.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A ROWDY PARTY can be heard outside the door. A flask is raised to a pair of plump burgundy lips. Long black fingernails wrap around the steel. Shots are taken.

In the mirror's reflection: a distorted female face as most of the glass is covered in smudges, stickers and doodles of genitalia. The only facial feature clearly visible are the plump lips as lip liner is being reapplied.

CLOSE ON a hand, writing two cursive L's in the top corner of the mirror with the lip liner. A WAD OF SPIT flies onto the cursive L's. The same hand quickly smears them.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Following from behind: a pale, slender female body in a black dress descends a narrow staircase into a living room of wild, inebriated college kids.

EXT. THE GREENS - MOMENTS LATER

A lush lawn area between two rows of townhouses. Shot after shot of LOVELLA LUDVIK (19) introducing herself to boys/groups of boys under false personas.

She's pale with a uniquely pretty face, socially unaware and elegantly GOTHIC - NO gaudy jewelry/chokers and absolutely NO makeup aside from her bright burgundy lips.

LOVELLA

Hey, it's Anastasia-- Jocelyn  
O'Reilly-- Chanel-- Misty, nice to  
meet you-- Penelope Peppermill--  
Lemon... my parents are  
fruitarians.

J.W (20), a scrawny, flamboyantly gay white boy jumps in front of Lovella, cutting off conversation with her latest male victims of tomfoolery.

J.W

Lemon? Really? Fucking lemon? No  
one's that drunk.

LOVELLA

But aren't they?  
(cringing)  
Ew, why are you all wet?

She notices numerous damp spots on his shirt and touches them cautiously, SNIFFS.

J.W

Oh, shit. Am I? I don't even know.

J.W snorts of laughter, quickly runs his fingers through Lovella's hair, changing her middle part to a side part. She slaps his hand away, pissed off.

J.W (CONT'D)

But why-- it's so much cuter on the  
side! Let it go-- no-- just once!

LOVELLA

Do you need something? What do you  
need? A moist towelette?

J.W

(pouting)  
A room key maybe? Pwetty-pwlease?

Lovella rolls her eyes as she watches J.W clasp his hands together in praying contrition - SO dramatic.

LOVELLA

This can't even be healthy. Don't  
they say nothing in excess?

She reluctantly pulls a key chain from her saddle bag. J.W snatches it away before she has a chance to reconsider.

J.W

Kisses from my grateful and gaping  
ass to yours, momma.

J.W runs his fingers through her hair one last time for shits-and-giggles. Lovella stumbles backwards, blindly adjusting her part again when she accidentally bumps into someone.

She turns around to see a tall figure, ALEJANDRO ALVEREZ (22), a Hispanic boy with a handsome baby face and cocky attitude. The boy standing beside him is equally as tall, but Caucasian. This is FOREST VICKERMAN (23). If this small college had a Greek system, these would be their frat boys.

FOREST

Recruitments! Your recruiting staff  
is here. Fuck yeah. Fuck yeah.

He holds onto Alejandro's shoulder for support - wasted.

LOVELLA

Sorry.

ALEJANDRO

Aye. Nah, you're good. What's up?

FOREST

Down for some flip cup? We need  
more lady playas, so we can evolve  
it into some strip-cup. We already  
got like, three white chicks from  
the volleyball team-- well, one's  
Asian, but whatever.

ALEJANDRO

Yeah, what he said. I'm Alejandro  
by the way. This is my drunk bitch  
of a suite-mate, Forest.

LOVELLA

Hi... what's flip cup?

Forest almost spits out his Corona. Alejandro just laughs.

ALEJANDRO

Ahh, freshman for sure or wait, you  
part of the seminary?

FOREST

Dude, she could have one of those  
head dress habits under that thing.

LOVELLA  
I'm a sophomore.

FOREST  
What? How? Then what the fuck were  
you doing all last year?

LOVELLA  
Enriching my inner life probably.

ALEJANDRO  
What's your name?

Lovella pauses, not answering. They stare at one another for  
a beat, until she turns to Forest to ask...

LOVELLA  
Is he a pig?

ALEJANDRO  
Whoa. What?

The boys look at each other, laughing in disbelief.

LOVELLA  
You heard me, so what's the  
consensus? Yay or nay?

ALEJANDRO  
You can out me, bro.

FOREST  
Not sure how to answer that.

LOVELLA  
Ah, so the fifth hath been pled.

FOREST  
(to Alejandro)  
Who is this?

ALEJANDRO  
(ignoring Forest)  
You smell nice.

LOVELLA  
Just our pheromones probably.

Lovella pulls her flask from her saddle bag, takes a shot.

FOREST  
Yo, she's got a fucking flask!

Forest shakes Alejandro's shoulder roughly like a moron  
before running off screaming nonsense.

LOVELLA  
So, what's your body count?  
Andreas, you said?

ALEJANDRO  
Mi nombre es Alejandro, not  
Andreas. Okay?

LOVELLA  
What is it? Fifteen, twenty? We're  
definitely in the double digits.

ALEJANDRO  
What? I'm not going to-- it's-- why  
don't you tell me yours?

Lovella makes a zero with her hand, shoves it in his face.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Ahh, that makes sense.

LOVELLA  
Your turn.

ALEJANDRO  
Well, mine's not zero.

LOVELLA  
Then what is it?

ALEJANDRO  
I'm not going to just tell you.

LOVELLA  
Why not? I just told you mine.

ALEJANDRO  
Jesus fucking-- look. I'm not just  
trying to fuck you, okay?

She giggles at his rage, takes another shot before extending  
her flask to him - a peace offering. He reciprocates, drinks.

LOVELLA  
I'm just messing with you. It's  
what I'm good at.

ALEJANDRO  
... You're strangely adorable.

LOVELLA  
I dig how far apart my eyes are.

ALEJANDRO

Alright. Can I cop that number?

He presents her with his phone. Shes perplexed, looking at it like it's a foreign object.

LOVELLA

How old are you?

ALEJANDRO

Twenty-two. I'm also six foot one, around two-hundred fifteen pounds, tried bath salts once.

She eyes him for a beat, trying to focus through the booze.

LOVELLA

You're not a townie, are you?

ALEJANDRO

What? No. I'm a senior. And I should be more skeptical of you. I still don't even know your name.

She finally takes his phone and types in her number.

LOVELLA

It's Lovella. I'm nineteen. Five foot eight. Haven't weighed myself in years and I've never taken a mineral bath myself. We didn't have a big enough bathtub growing up.

Alejandro hides his laughter at her misunderstanding of "bath salts." He snatches his phone back, leans close to her face.

ALEJANDRO

Well then Lovella... this is where I disappear.

He gives her a wink, and true to his word, he disappears into the crowd. Lovella watches him go.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - LATER

Lovella walks up a brick path lit by antique street lights as this New England university is a couple centuries old.

AMBULANCE LIGHTS flash up the main street. Lovella stops walking as she watches it turn into the campus and pass her by, WHALING its SIREN! She continues to watch as the ambulance turns into a row of townhouses. Lovella crosses the street, watching intently.

EXT. THE TOWNHOUSES - CONTINUOUS

Lovella has followed the ambulance to a townhouse parking-lot. Some bystanders crowd outside. TWO EMT's hop out of the back and enter into townhouse 12.

As Lovella pushes her way through the bystanders, the EMT's emerge again with a sobbing and inebriated SUNNY MCCASLIN (20) a beautiful, perfect bodied brunette with dime-sized gages in her ears and some other alternative punk features.

A stretcher is pulled out of the ambulance. Humiliated, Sunny covers her face as onlookers observe her being semi-voluntarily strapped down.

SUNNY

Okay! It doesn't need to be that tight. Jesus fuckin' Christ though.

She rambles on angrily at the EMT's. Some roommates funnel out of the townhouse 12 front door.

LOVELLA

Hey, hey! What the hell's going on?

Lovella approaches the stretcher, but the EMT's carry her into the back too quickly for any real communication to take place, so she turns to the roommates.

SUNNY

I wasn't even going to do anything!

Sunny barks angrily before the ambulance doors close.

ROOMMATE

She locked herself in the bathroom for two hours. There were all these weird noises.

The roommate is distracted by an approaching campus public safety officer - unable to finish the story. Lovella watches the ambulance disappear out of sight.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - HALLWAY - LATER

Lovella sits on the floor outside of her dorm room, dishevelled, stressed, the alcohol high long worn off. She raises her hand and knocks on her door, LOUD!

LOVELLA

Time's up, lovers.

J.W (O.S.)  
Sorry! One sec, one sec!

THUDS and GIGGLING. A beat before the door opens. J.W and XAVIER (22) exit, sweaty and shirtless with blood shot eyes.

J.W (CONT'D)  
We'll wash these for you, momma.

He gestures to the rolled up bed sheets and blanket in hand.

XAVIER  
Twice. We'll wash it twice.

The boys each blow her kisses as they quietly scurry up the hallway. Lovella rises to her feet.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's a dorm room meant for two people equipped with two beds, but Lovella has it as a single. She stumbles over to the main bed (as the other bed is stripped of sheets) and passes out.

The moonlight from the cracked open window is the only source of light. There are over a hundred papers hung from the walls, all covered in her writings. A gust of wind sends them aflutter.

INT. VIVIENNE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Lovella sits in the far back corner of the classroom, secluded, staring out of the windows with her journal pressed against her lap, writing simultaneously while not even having to look at the page.

The rest of the class is doing group work, talkative, engaged.

DR. VIVIENNE LUCINDA GLASER (50), a taller, poised English professor with an intimidating air of confidence, has momentarily looked up from behind her desk to notice Lovella... and eye her with concern.

INT. VIVIENNE'S OFFICE - LATER

Vivienne stands at her bar globe, pouring a glass of ice water when the door flies open. Lovella enters without knocking. Her saddle bag slides off her shoulder and drops to the floor. She picks it up - AWKWARD.

LOVELLA

Hi. I'm here. Sorry.

Vivienne glances at the wall clock, gives Lovella a side-eye as she finishes her beverage preparation - totally unfazed.

VIVIENNE

Your mother must have taught you to knock, yes?

LOVELLA

Yeah. Sorry.

VIVIENNE

Have a seat, please.

Lovella sits down as Vivienne fills another glass and carries both to her desk.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

First I'd like to thank you for agreeing to meet with me.

LOVELLA

Oh, I didn't think it was optional.

Vivienne sits down in her chair, either ignores or doesn't hear Lovella's comment.

VIVIENNE

Ms. Lovella, I'd argue that you have the most dumbfounding closing of any e-mail I've ever read. Let me find it here... hold on.

Vivienne logs into her computer, scrolls.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Ah, yes. You wrote: "Eat me or loath me, Lovella Ludvik."

LOVELLA

Yeah, I thought it was really edgy when I was young-- or YOUNGER like you'll either want to devour me bite for bite, drooling or back away in disgust.

(beat)

But NOW, I'm starting to see how it can have a more sexual interpretation.

Vivienne just takes her in, observing some of her minor details such as her chipped black nail polish, the cuts and bruises on her knees and shins, the ink marking of an "X" in marker between her breasts, slouched body language and her WRISTS, which are covered by black, lacy cardigan sleeves.

VIVIENNE

What happened to your legs?

LOVELLA

Oh, I drag my feet when I run and the brick paths at this school prove to be consistently uneven.

VIVIENNE

And the drawing on your chest?

LOVELLA

I call it a peculiarity marking. I have more.

Lovella rolls up her cardigan sleeve to expose a drawing of stitches doodled on the side of her wrist. Her wrists are clean, unblemished apart from some freckles.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

See? Often my soul feels underrepresented unless my flesh exudes some sort of peculiarity.

Vivienne doesn't question this any further, gestures to the glass of water in front of Lovella.

VIVIENNE

Take a drink. Take a moment. I can feel your nervousness from all the way over here.

Lovella half-laughs awkwardly, listening to Vivienne and taking a sip of the water.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

So how are you?

Lovella goes blank as if the most basic question stumps her.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

You're verbally quite fluent, and so I'm sensing introspection over shyness, which leads me to ask if there's anything contributing to your absence of participation in my class, anything I could help with.

LOVELLA

Oh, yeah, I know where this is going. You're the second professor-- fifth including last year to call me on this. I understand that it'll effect 10-15% of my overall grade. I don't remember what it exactly said in your syllabus, but I accept the penalty whatever it is.

A beat of stiffness as Vivienne remains eyeing Lovella, not in annoyance, but curiosity.

VIVIENNE

You do realize you scare people?

LOVELLA

(beyond thrown)  
... Excuse me?

VIVIENNE

You're very dark, Lovella. Very dark. I see how your peers look at you. Now, I'm unaware of how you internalize this darkness or what it means to you. I'm sure it's different from the general consensus of either depressed, in a stage of pubescent rebellion or at its harshest, evil.

LOVELLA

I'm absolutely none of those.

VIVIENNE

That's good to hear.

LOVELLA

I'm just an artist like any other who needs the space to transcend their condition. That's it.

VIVIENNE

Okay. I enjoy the melodramatics. And your artistry, what is it?

LOVELLA

Oh, uh... I'd say I'm a world-builder, but... I write the worlds down on paper, so I guess I'm most commonly referred to as a writer.

Vivienne leans back in her chair, chuckling. Lovella is unnerved by her subdued chuckles - should I be offended?

Vivienne points to a portion of the wall behind Lovella where there are small framed sketches of some of the world's greatest philosophers and authors: Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Wharton, Jung, Piaget. Lovella turns to look.

VIVIENNE

See that guy, second to the left?

FOCUS ON A SMALL PORTRAIT OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

His name's Nietzsche. Arguably, one of his greatest works is called "Thus Spoke Zarathustra" about a profit who descends from a mountaintop after ten years of solitude and quickly comes across an elder in the forest who warns him that his free offerings of enlightenment will be met with ridicule and contempt by the townspeople.

(reciting from memory)

"Everybody wants the same, everybody is the same: whoever feels different goes voluntarily into a madhouse. Formerly, all the world was mad, say the most refined, and they blink..."

(softly)

And they blink, and they blink.

LOVELLA

Are you comparing me to a profit?

VIVIENNE

On a much smaller scale I'll recite the same analogy to anyone who seeks truth, who veers from the obvious or the easiest. "What is love? What is creation? What is longing? What is a star?" These are questions, Lovella, I presume at your young age you've already carefully considered.

(MORE)

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

BUT don't be surprised if one day -  
and this is assuming you'll  
continue evolving the way you are -  
people will look to you blinking  
and directionless for an answer,  
and you better be ready to give  
them a good one, one they can  
understand because if you don't, a  
herd has the ability to trample, to  
pulverize you into the asphalt in a  
way you alone can not do unto them.

Lovella is struck by these words. Eyes wide in AWE, she takes another sip of her ice water - intellectually aroused!

LOVELLA

Whoa, where have you been all my  
life?

Vivienne cracks up at Lovella's genuine response. Lovella begins to laugh as well - more so out of naivety.

VIVIENNE

Keep searching, kid.

Vivienne rises from her chair and extends her hand to Lovella. Lovella rises as well - less gracefully - and shakes Vivienne's hand, nodding like a child on a sugar-high.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

And don't let anything I said today  
be construed as negative.

LOVELLA

(infatuated)  
Okay. Yeah.

EXT. ACADEMIC BUILDINGS - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella exits the academic building and descends the brick stairwell when she passes a couple, MARIE and her BOYFRIEND (both 20). She pauses, approaches them. Marie looks annoyed.

LOVELLA

Hey Marie, I've been meaning to run  
into you. You look really pretty. I  
like your dress. How have you been?

MARIE

Honestly, zero effort was made by  
you over the summer, so why are you  
acting like you give a shit now?

LOVELLA  
 (completely thrown)  
 Well, we don't live near each  
 other, so--

MARIE  
 Did you talk to Big Red last night?

LOVELLA  
 You mean the tall red head you  
 dated last year?

MARIE  
 That's the thing, we never dated,  
 we just hooked up once and I know  
 that you specifically asked him on  
 the greens if he was the one who  
 "dated Marie?"

LOVELLA  
 Yeah. I don't get it. What's wrong  
 with that?

MARIE  
 Oh my God. You don't see how that  
 would make things a little awkward  
 for me and my BOYFRIEND? Just-- I  
 can't even-- I'm going to fucking  
 blow up.

Marie turns away from Lovella. The boyfriend calms her down  
 by rubbing her shoulder.

Lovella takes the hint... and walks away.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - EVENING

Lovella sits on a brick rail outside of an academic building  
 as she eats her packed lunch alone. Biting into a PB&J  
 sandwich, she people watches other groups eating together on  
 nearby picnic tables. She occasionally looks down at her  
 pocket-dictionary, reading it between glances.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - BATHROOM - LATER

Lovella is styling her hair in the mirror (middle part only)  
 and admiring the blackness of her DEEP, dark brown eyes as  
 she nearly presses the tip of her nose to the mirror.

J.W enters with blood-shot eyes.

J.W  
 Hey, momma. Oh shit, don't you look  
 adorable?

LOVELLA  
 Thanks. I guess I tried.

J.W  
 Fuck, florescent lighting always  
 makes me realize just how high I  
 am. Where you headed?

J.W pees in the single stall with the door left wide open.

LOVELLA  
 Nowhere. I'm having a boy over.

J.W  
 Fuck off.

LOVELLA  
 ... I will do no such thing.

J.W  
 What? Wait, for realzzz?

LOVELLA  
 Yeah. He's been texting me non-  
 stop. I can't really reject people,  
 so I figure I'll just give it a  
 whirl for shits-and-giggles.

J.W  
 Gross. Straight and a clinger. Is  
 he at least hot?

LOVELLA  
 (shrugs)  
 Yeah, I'm a sucker for a baby face.

J.W  
 If your little tactics don't work  
 you can always tap me in, mama. All  
 I have to do is shake his hand and  
 he'll run off screaming.

He says the latter in an extremely "gay" voice. J.W is about  
 to walk out when Lovella blurts out--

LOVELLA  
 You didn't wash your gay hands!

J.W  
 You right, boo. You right.

He stops, heads for the sink. He's so high, he keeps missing the soap pump. She lends him a little assistance. They laugh.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Lovella is perched on the edge of her dresser, sinking back into the rack of clothing hanging above as she writes in her notorious journal... interrupted only by KNOCKING!

LOVELLA

Come on in.

In walks Alejandro, smirking at the sight of Lovella - the mysterious figure blending in with her black hanging wardrobe. LIGHT CLASSICAL MUSIC plays from her speakers.

ALEJANDRO

Hey, what's up gorgeous?

LOVELLA

We finally meet with a sobered eye.

His eyes widen as he takes in the dorm room, begins walking around to gaze at its many sights.

ALEJANDRO

(under breath)

Santo mierda. Mira a esta zorra.

LOVELLA

Uh, was that Spanish?

ALEJANDRO

Si, guapa.

LOVELLA

I don't know what that meant. Where are you from?

ALEJANDRO

(condescending)

My name's Alejandro.

(off her blankness)

Mexico's the homeland, senorita. Pueblo Nuevo.

LOVELLA

You have a funny way of walking.

ALEJANDRO

Huh? Oh, yeah. I've been told it's orangutang like. It's the long arms.

She gestures up and down his body.

LOVELLA

You just haven't fully grown into it yet.

ALEJANDRO

But you're looking.

He winks at Lovella.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

You do like calling me out though, don't you? At least that's what Forest said. He was like, "dude she totally calls you out."

LOVELLA

Forest? Who's Forest?

ALEJANDRO

The one you asked if I was a pervert the night we met.

LOVELLA

Oh, him. The charmer.

ALEJANDRO

Dios nos salve.

Alejandro stops at a shelf, cringes at an antique doll baby in an appropriate to size rocking chair.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

How do you sleep with that in here?

As he reaches out to touch it, Lovella slaps his hand away.

LOVELLA

That's my dolly. And I can't sleep with her anymore. Her stitching's come undone.

ALEJANDRO

Shut up.

He laughs. She doesn't. He stops laughing.

Lovella fixes the dolly, repositioning her body perfectly.

LOVELLA

Want to water my flowers?

Lovella gestures to a glass vase of flowers, some fresh, others wilted, all are hand-picked, but the meager amount of water in the glass vase is a murky blueish-black color - odd.

ALEJANDRO  
(pointing to water)  
What's that?

LOVELLA  
A homemade elixir, let's say.

From a desk drawer she pulls out a covered pitcher of this blueish-black elixir with a long piece of tape pasted across the front with the words: "WHY SO BLUE? Batch 9/1/2020"

Alejandro takes it without further questioning, waters away.

ALEJANDRO  
You should definitely come to my next home game. Schedule hasn't released yet, but I'll let you know when it does.

Just as Lovella looks up at Alejandro, so too does the doll-baby - ITS CHIN TILTS UPWARD SLIGHTLY. Could this be from the movement of Alejandro/Lovella's feet? Neither notice this.

Suddenly, Sunny barges into the dorm room with a pack of cigarettes, still finishing a conversation she's having with someone in the hallway. There's a tiresome, glossed over expression in her eyes - she's not all there.

SUNNY  
Hey. Oh, hi. Hi there? Who is this?  
Sorry. I didn't mean to stop all the momentum.

ALEJANDRO  
Hey. It's Alejandro.

LOVELLA  
Hey? How are you... doing?  
(softer)  
Are you okay?

Lovella looks her up and down, stunned. Sunny gives her a dismissive hand wave.

SUNNY  
Yeah, never better.  
(to Alejandro)  
I'm Sunny. You can call me Son of Sam. I'm just here to return a book to the public library.

She hands a paperback book on ufology over to Lovella.

LOVELLA  
 (sharply under breath)  
 No. Stay. Please. PLEASE.

Sunny notices the fear in Lovella's eyes - catches on.

SUNNY  
 I mean, I could stay for a  
 little... if you don't mind.

LOVELLA  
 (re: bent book pages)  
 I told you not to dog-ear.

ALEJANDRO  
 Nah. I don't mind. Two's always  
 better than one, right?

Sunny and Alejandro exchange flirtatious glances.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A water bottle filled with a brown liquid is slapped down on the desk, along with two shot glasses.

LOVELLA  
 The man of the hour gets magic mix.  
 (to self)  
 All of this body heat.

Lovella flicks on her fan.

SUNNY  
 Stuff's foul. RIP to my taste buds  
 for the next two days.

ALEJANDRO  
 What is it?

LOVELLA  
 I'm not so sure about this batch.

Alejandro pours himself a shot, throws it back.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
 I was going to give you a chaser.

ALEJANDRO  
 (trying to act tough)  
 Nah, I'm good. Fuck.

He coughs. Sunny jumps onto her bed. Lovella fake pours a shot into the other shot glass (which is covered in designs so you can't see the content inside). She walks to Sunny.

LOVELLA

We'll share ours-- the one. It's only fair. Body weight, you know?

SUNNY

You want to take one more with us?

Alejandro pours himself another. Lovella and Sunny giggle as they fake drinking from the empty shot glass and fake COUGH - putting on a convincing show!

ALEJANDRO

You two good?

LOVELLA

Yeah, yeah. You want another?

Lovella crosses back to Alejandro and pours him another. He mumbles, "Jesus" as he throws it back.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Did you know that Sunny's this classically trained vocalist? She sang the anthem at Camden Yards.

Alejandro nods, not seeming to care - focused on Lovella.

SUNNY

Oh, blah. Boring. Well, Lovella's this insane athlete. She had like, all of these scouts recruiting her.

ALEJANDRO

What? No way? For what?

LOVELLA

Lacrosse.

SUNNY

Dude, have you seen her calves? She's like an undercover dyke.

Lovella looks to Sunny, slightly offended. Brushes it off.

ALEJANDRO

Ah, so I'm not the only athlete in the room. Why did you quit?

LOVELLA

I had some attitude problems. Got yellow and red carded, kicked out of a few tournaments.

ALEJANDRO

I gouged this dude's eyes once. Got sick of him trash talking. Did it in a scrum pile-up, so he couldn't tell it was me.

Lovella twirls around in her dress.

LOVELLA

(re: Sunny)

Hey, you like my dress? It's new.

ALEJANDRO

I like it.

SUNNY

Yeah. I mean, it looks like every other one you have...?

ALEJANDRO

Fits you perfectly, those curves.

LOVELLA

Wait. Look, it came with these too.

Lovella dives under her bed. CLICKING and ZIPPING sounds. When she crawls back out she's putting on a pair of black, lacy vintage gloves.

ALEJANDRO

I like them-- those too.

His compliments go ignored again. Lovella lets Sunny feel the glove's soft fabric. An interruption only coming when...

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

(blurts out)

Thirty-eight.

His voice overpowers theirs. They stop, look at him.

SUNNY

Thirty-eight? Thirty-eight, what?

ALEJANDRO

That's my body count.

Sunny lets go of Lovella's glove. It makes a SNAPPING SOUND as it SNAPS back into place against Lovella's flesh.

SUNNY

Holy shit, is fucking your part-time job?

ALEJANDRO

She's been trying to get it out of me since the Greens. Nearly broke my nose going...

He throws up a zero with his hand just as she once did.

LOVELLA

I don't discriminate against those who sexually indulge or deviate.

ALEJANDRO

Then you're lucky you found me because my roommate Maddox has already fucked nearly ninety girls. So really... I'm a saint.

He pours himself another shot. Lovella and Sunny are stunned.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD - MOMENTS LATER

Sunny heads for the door, Lovella follows closely behind.

LOVELLA

(sharp whispers)  
Two more minutes. Please.

SUNNY

Nah, fuck third-wheeling. Goodbye, Alejandro.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Spoken in a low whisper after shutting her dorm room door...

LOVELLA

He was like really staring at me, wasn't he?

SUNNY

What? Yeah, he sure as fuck wasn't staring at me.

LOVELLA

Hey, are you alright? When did you get released?

SUNNY

Around one. My brother had to come all the way from Stockbridge to pick me up because my parents are off the grid. Wasn't happy bout it.

LOVELLA

Hopefully there were some Indian doctors this time. Indian doctors are the best.

Sunny takes out a cigarette, lights it.

SUNNY

No, some white chick souped me up on Lithium. Slept in a room where the TV was safe-guarded by plastic casing. Good times. All's well that ends well, right? Isn't that the expression?

Sunny turns to walk off.

LOVELLA

Wait, but Sun, what do I do if he tries to like, touch me?

SUNNY

I don't know. You got him fucked up. Let him. He's gorgeous. I got to piss. Have fun with Rico-Suave.

LOVELLA

Wait, no.

SUNNY

Adios Amigos.

Sunny dashes into the bathroom, cigarette smokes trailing.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella reenters to find Alejandro patiently waiting, smiling. By the look on his face he's probably overheard their hushed conversation.

LOVELLA

What?

ALEJANDRO

(smirking)  
Nothing. Nothing.

Lovella crosses the dorm room to her chair where she sits. He moves closer to her, dragging his chair.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
I feel like I've met the same five-hundred white girls.

LOVELLA  
Thanks...?

ALEJANDRO  
Your friend's kind of a bitch to you.

LOVELLA  
Oh, yeah. I've known her since the seventh grade. She got really hot last summer and started doing all of these alternative modeling gigs where apparently there was a lot of recreational cocaine.

Alejandro starts flicking her kneecap. Lovella, confused.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

He tugs at one of her lacy gloves.

ALEJANDRO  
These are nice.

LOVELLA  
Yeah, that's why I bought them...?

ALEJANDRO  
I just really want to kiss you right now.

Lovella pushes away his hand, GROWLS under her breath.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella and Alejandro exit suite 64. A moment of silence as he looks dissatisfied with the lack of action he's received.

ALEJANDRO  
Can I at least get a good night hug?

She nods, awkwardly gives him a hug.

LOVELLA

Good night. Maybe I'll see you  
around.

ALEJANDRO

Yeah, so tomorrow then. Same time?

He winks. Lovella, surprised, caught off guard. Alejandro  
makes a swift exit before she can detest.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella renters, moves to the window and peeks through the  
blinds to see Alejandro drunkenly miss a step as he enters  
into his suite next door.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro walks through blackness, following RAP MUSIC...

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro stumbles to the end of the hallway...

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - ALEJANDRO & MADDOX'S DORM ROOM -  
CONTINUOUS

SILVIO MESSINA (21) and YUSUF SHEPHERD (22) smoke cigarettes  
near the door, while MADDOX WAKEFIELD (23), his equally  
handsome roommate, sorts through a duffle bag of explosives.

SILVIO

Where you been? You look like shit.

Alejandro snags a cigarette, Silvio lights it for him.

ALEJANDRO

I was with a witch.

SILVIO

What bitch?

YUSUF

He said he was with a WITCH, you  
dumb-fuck.

SILVIO

A witch, huh? You shove a  
broomstick up her ass yet?

YUSUF  
Dude, too far.

SILVIO  
(shaking his face like a  
wet dog)  
Warts are contagious, AHHHH!

Alejandro spits on the floor.

ALEJANDRO  
Fuck you for getting Lucky Strike.

Alejandro crosses to Maddox, grabs a firework from his bag.

MADDOX  
Uh-huh, you ain't ready for all  
that power. Plus you're fuckin'  
late for "Operation Pop-Off."

He slaps Alejandro on the head, rips away the firework.

Forest YELLS from outside... the words are muffled!

ALEJANDRO  
Who's outside?

Maddox rushes to the open window, down below Forest shotguns  
a Bud Light can. Around him sit a dozen black contraptions.

YUSUF  
It's Forest. He's almost done  
setting up the mortar racks.

ALEJANDRO  
(slurring)  
Mor-- mormon-- martian?

Alejandro tosses his cigarette in a moldy coffee mug and  
collapses onto his bed - wasted. The boys take turns slapping  
his cheeks until they're beet red, degrading him.

EXT. THE WOODS - LATER

Lovella runs through the man-made wooded trails in all black  
athletic garb, until something light up the sky behind her -  
POPPING SOUNDS!

Startled, she stops and turns around.

EXT. THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella emerges from the woods to see a BRILLIANTLY COLORFUL FIREWORK DISPLAY across the campus, followed by some lesser male voices SHOUTING. She smiles.

INT. VIVIENNE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Vivienne watches as her students funnel back into class from their mid-class break, earphones being removed, conversation wrapping up... and yet, the back corner desk remains empty.

Vivienne stretches her neck out into the hallway to see two more students headed her way... neither are Lovella.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vivienne rounds a corner entering into a neighboring hallway to spot an overly-inspired Lovella lounging with her feet up on a bench writing furiously in her journal.

VIVIENNE  
(calling out)  
Hey kid, break time's over.

Lovella's eyes don't lift, concentration too strong.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)  
Lovella!

Lovella's head shoots up after Vivienne's bark loudens.

Vivienne gives a beckoning hand signal for her to "come here." Lovella finishes writing a few words before closing her journal and jogging up the hallway.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)  
I know you're engrossed and I commend the focus, but remember you're still a student here.

LOVELLA  
Sorry, doc.

Vivienne's nostrils flare. She steps backwards as if repelled by Lovella before reaching into her pocket and pulling out a tiny tin box of mints. She hands one to Lovella.

VIVIENNE  
I can smell it on your breath.

LOVELLA

Oh... my bad.

Lovella covers her mouth and Vivienne rolls her eyes.

VIVIENNE

Don't make it a habit. At least not during my class time.

They head back up the hallway together.

LOVELLA

I swear, I don't do it often. It was like one shot-- like half of one shot.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - EVENING

Lovella is kneeling on her bed, writing on a piece of paper hanging on her wall when a KNOCKING comes again.

LOVELLA

Who is it?

ALEJANDRO (O.S.)

It's your south of the border stud.

Lovella stops, slinks down into her sheets. Alejandro enters without having received an invitation.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Hey there, dark princess. See, I'm a man of my word. Some skinny white boy let me in. I told him we were study partners.

Lovella says nothing, just stares at him. After waiting a beat for her to respond... and she doesn't... he takes a seat in a chair.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Look, I like spending time with you.

LOVELLA

... Well, do we go somewhere?

ALEJANDRO

I'm cool with hanging out right here again.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella and Alejandro are seated in desk chairs. There's a considerable distance between them. Lovella's legs are tucked underneath her desk, while Alejandro leans comfortably with his legs spread apart.

They stare at one another - an informal staring contest - for a long beat. Who will speak first?

ALEJANDRO

A buddy of mine says he sometimes sees you running late at night. I'm not sure how safe that is.

LOVELLA

I carry a can of pepper spray in my sport's bra.

ALEJANDRO

But why do you have to go at night?

LOVELLA

Have you tried it?

ALEJANDRO

No?

LOVELLA

(smirking)

Well, man up. Go try it. It's liberating.

A beat before Alejandro extends his hand.

ALEJANDRO

What if I held your hand?

Lovella looks at it... and stares... as if debating if it's poisoned. She gives in and holds his hand.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Have you ever kissed a boy before?

LOVELLA

No.

ALEJANDRO

Not even one peck at some party?

Lovella hesitates again... finally shakes her head, "no." Alejandro scoffs, hiding his mouth with his hand.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Shit, you don't even know what  
you're into.

Lovella pulls her hand away, SIGHS loudly as she looks forward at her desk - deep in thought.

Suddenly, she leaps from her chair and turns off her only electrically lit light source.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Uh... what's going on?

Lovella removes a plastic bag from a drawer, tosses it in Alejandro's lap.

LOVELLA  
For the smoke detector.

She points to the smoke detector on the ceiling.

ALEJANDRO  
Aye, you really go all out to set a  
mood, huh?

He follows orders, steps up on the chair and covers the detector. Lovella goes around lighting every candle in the dorm room. Alejandro picks up a book lying face down on her desk, browses through it as he waits.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Grimorium Verum?

LOVELLA  
It's a black magic spell-book. We  
could try to make it rain together.

ALEJANDRO  
Make it rain, huh?

Lovella looks at the spell-book upside down as Alejandro holds it and flips to a marked page. She skims its content.

LOVELLA  
Okay. Repeat after me.

She recites the following as she goes to her mini fridge and retrieves a water bottle sitting on top.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Rain, rain, come our way, fill the  
sky, soothe the land.

ALEJANDRO  
(trying not to laugh)  
Rain, rain, come our way, fill the  
sky, soothe the land.

LOVELLA  
I give you this water from my hand.

ALEJANDRO  
I give you this water from my hand.

She pours the water into her own hand and quickly sprinkles it all over his head. He does the same over her head. SHE SPLASHES SOME IN HIS FACE, backs away in fear of retaliation.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Oh, you're good.

Alejandro grabs her waist and pulls her in close, whispering sweet nothings. Just as his nose caresses her cheek...

LOVELLA  
Look.

Lovella points. He turns to see their LARGE SHADOWS CAST HIGH ON THE WALLS, spilling onto the ceiling. She starts twirling like a ballerina, putting on a show with her shadow.

She only pauses to point to Alejandro and then to the chair he once sat upon - a demand.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Sit.

Alejandro smirks, enjoying her dominance. He sits down.

Lovella extends her right arms, not towards Alejandro, but to her side. The shadow of her arm casts on the wall behind her.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
What if I held your hand?

Alejandro takes a moment to catch on. He reaches his arm out at perfect length so his shadow's hand touches Lovella's shadow's hand on the same wall. THEIR SHADOWS HOLD HANDS.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
(softly, eerie)  
I like having you in the dark with  
me, Alejandro. I don't bring many  
people in here.

Lovella crosses to her desk where she pours Alejandro a shot of her magic mix, which she pulls out from a spare desk drawer. She slides the shot across the desk. He chugs it.

When Lovella happens to glance back up at Alejandro's shadow now behind him... she observes that it has GROWN IN SIZE AND IN THE DEEPNESS OF ITS BLACKNESS.

Alejandro eyes her with either lust or immense infatuation (maybe both).

ALEJANDRO

What?

He notices her stare. As he rises from the chair and turns to see what lies behind him, the shadow drops in size instantaneously and returns to its normal shade of lighter translucent grey.

As Alejandro stepped backwards, his wide wing span hits a shelf. A framed picture is knocked over. He catches it mid-fall just in the nick of time.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

I got it. Got it!

Lovella rushes over.

LOVELLA

Oh, thank God. It's the only portrait I've ever painted.

CLOSE ON the painting in Alejandro's hands. It's of a forest. Cut up pieces of paper (prayer cards) are mosaic-ed together to make... the forest floor only. Painted with water-color is the scene of a long-haired child-like figure huddled behind one of the trees, peering around the side.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

I used to hide in the woods a lot. There was a hiking trail behind my childhood house.

ALEJANDRO

What, like playing hide n' seek?

Lovella looks at him, rolls her eyes. He doesn't see this.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Wait, are those... bible verses?  
Yeah. They are. Why would you cut--  
wait, I think I know that verse.  
Yeah, that's Psalms 23.

LOVELLA

Good eye. They were prayer cards in honor of people I hated, but I put them to good use. It's sort of an anti-tribute.

ALEJANDRO

There are like, two dozen statues of the mother of Guadeloupe in mi abuela y abuelo's casa. That shit's on sight, been watching pews full of Mexicans speaking in tongues since I was a kid-- wait, who do you hate so much you cut up their prayer cards?

LOVELLA

(dismissive)

It's the past.

Lovella waves her hand - dismissive. Alejandro pulls a necklace out from underneath his shirt collar. It's a golden family crest pendent.

ALEJANDRO

This blacksmith - a totally sketchy dude - in Pueblo finished making these for my entire family like, three days before he disappeared.

Lovella touches the pendant, studying the detail.

LOVELLA

Is that a scythe?

ALEJANDRO

Yeah, but it means husbandry duties like farming and cultivating, not death.

Lovella nods, impressed he knows its meaning.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

So Ludvik, right? What is that? Polish? Something European, right?

LOVELLA

Oh, I don't know.

ALEJANDRO

What do you mean you don't know?

LOVELLA

I guess I don't know what landmass  
my ancestors rowed their boats away  
from.

ALEJANDRO

What?! You're fucking with me.

LOVELLA

No, I'm not. I never asked or...  
cared to ask about my ancestors.

Alejandro laughs in disbelief for a beat, speechless, until--

ALEJANDRO

No, really though family is  
everything. You don't burry  
yourself when you die. You should  
really find out.

He sets the portrait back on the shelf.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Blindfolded with a scarf, Alejandro grabs shot after shot of  
magic mix off her spare desk and drinks them. Lovella directs  
him in his blind state. They're finally having some fun!

LOVELLA

Close. To your left. The other  
left, no-- there!

A KNOCKING AT THE DOOR makes them both jump - she screams!

J.W (O.S.)

Momma, I got work at six! Keep it  
down.

LOVELLA

Sorry!

ALEJANDRO

Who just called you momma?

Alejandro accidentally knocks over a shot glass. It SMASHES!  
They both pause a beat - holding silence - hoping J.W didn't  
hear this. J.W doesn't.

Alejandro prematurely attempts to remove his blindfold, but  
Lovella stops him and feeds him one more shot. Only then does  
she remove the scarf from his eyes. She sits down beside him.

They giggle like school-kids, gazing into each other's eyes.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
(lost in her eyes)  
Hey, I never noticed before, but...  
your eyes are so dark... it's like  
there's no pupil... that I can see.

LOVELLA  
I told you my real name when I met  
you.

ALEJANDRO  
What? What do you mean?

RAIN PITTER-PATTERS AGAINST THE WINDOW! He turns to stare.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
No fucking way.

LOVELLA  
Look! We did it!

Lovella grabs his hand, along with the water bottle of magic  
mix, and pulls him towards the window.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - CONTINUOUS

Lovella jumps onto the strip of grass between the dormitory  
and the woods and takes off running as she chugs shots of her  
magic-mix. Alejandro promptly chases after her.

ALEJANDRO  
Lovella, hey! Where are you going?

Lovella climbs on top of a picnic table and begins spinning  
around in the rain, giggling like a mad-woman. Alejandro  
finally catches up with her. He grabs the magic-mix bottle  
from her hands and tosses it into the brush.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
You'll get yourself sick.

He throws Lovella over his shoulders and carries her around  
the back of the dormitory, only letting her down once they  
near her dorm room window. He points to a window on the  
second floor.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Look, that's my bedroom. This close  
to yours. Anytime you need me, I'm  
that far away.

Lovella instead turns her attention towards the woods to her right as if waiting for something or someone to emerge from its darkness.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Lovella?

Alejandro gets her attention again. They stare into each other's eyes.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella slips and falls, drunk, as she climbs through the window. Alejandro gently helps her to her feet.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella and Alejandro romantically slow dance to a CLASSICAL SONG. Lovella steps on his toes and nearly falls asleep with her cheek pressed against his chest.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro carries Lovella (honeymoon style) to her main bed where he lays her down and tucks her in. She's on the verge of passing out, drenched, when he rings some of the rain water out of her hair onto the floor.

He hops into the bed and lies down next to her where he cradles her face and kisses her cheek three times!

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - SAME

Lovella lies alone in bed, eyes flutter open and closed.

Lovella's POV: The smoke of a recently blown out candle travels across the sliver of light beaming from the hallway as Alejandro shuts the dorm door quietly, considerately. As it clicks shut...

A VISION --- against the backdrop of the dorm room's blackness comes faint, fiery SPARKS BURSTING AND FALLING IN SLOW MOTION!

Is Lovella slipping into a dream?

INT. VIVIENNE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Lovella sits at her desk in the corner with her open journal lying in her lap and her legs shaking - mentally distracted.

In the middle of Vivienne's lecture, she abruptly rises and leaves the classroom with her saddle bag.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Half a dozen STUDENTS work diligently to hang a banner that reads, "WELCOME PARENTS!" Lovella nearly plows a few over in a rush to get to the bathroom. Immediately apologetic.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDINGS - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella slams shut the handicap stall door, removes her journal from her saddle bag and writes while sitting on the closed toilet seat!

INT. VIVIENNE'S CLASSROOM - LATER

Lovella packs up her items and heads to the front where two other students are already in line to speak to Vivienne after class. She's forced to wait.

INT. VIVIENNE'S CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella stands over Vivienne's desk extending a handwritten page torn from her journal. Vivienne stares at it, hesitant.

VIVIENNE

And what kind of reader are you looking for? Are you looking for editorial comments, substantive or just outright endorsement?

LOVELLA

Uh... I just want to get your thoughts. I've never written a love letter-- or a love anything before. Supposedly they're the hardest to make original.

VIVIENNE

I hadn't the faintest idea you had a lover.

LOVELLA

I don't-- well, not yet, but this situation sort of fell into my hands almost like fate. And when it comes to fate, I don't contest. Not for long at least.

Vivienne takes the paper, puts on her reading glasses.

VIVIENNE

And you wrote this today?

LOVELLA

Yeah. I can't concentrate on anything else. Anything. It's bad.

She nervously fidgets as Vivienne reads to herself, until...

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Can I set the scene for you?

Vivienne lowers her glasses and looks up, giving her a look that says, "are you really asking me?" Lovella takes a breath, readying herself for rambling.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

So every night I have these hallucinations as I slowly slip away into this liminal space of worldbuilding where the features of my bedroom take on a new life.

VIVIENNE

Wait. You just said "hallucinations," yes?

LOVELLA

Yes, but that's probably not the best word to use because they're voluntary.

VIVIENNE

It's fine. Go on.

LOVELLA

Well, my wardrobe becomes this visual filing cabinet of the many false guises I have on hold; my characters.

CUT TO:

## WARDROBE IN LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM

In her collection of hanging black dresses EERIE TRANSPARENT HUMANOID HANDS MANIFEST AND FILL THE SLEEVES OF MOST GARMENTS. They move, fingers twitching as if coming to life.

LOVELLA (V.O.)

To describe a few, there's an autistic debutante named Fawn Breckenridge, an ex-gang member struggling to impress a love interest after finding redemption in the church, the first socialite to launch a perfume line while simultaneously hiding a severe neurosis from the many hounding media outlets.

CUT BACK TO:

## VIVIENNE'S CLASSROOM

LOVELLA

I won't go on, but they all just hang there... waiting for me to choose one to commit to overnight.

Vivienne - intensely listening. She holds up a hand just as Lovella opens her mouth to continue on.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

(staring off)

And then the air vents, they start funneling in certain scents to aid with the immersion like musk, wheat bundles, cigar smoke, swampland stench, mildew of an aged house.

VIVIENNE

Okay. Lovella.

CUT TO:

## LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM

Lovella sits in a chair in the middle of her room with her journal in her lap, staring directly at the wardrobe of hanging clothes inhabited by the HUMANOID HANDS. As she slowly reaches her hand towards it, so too does one of the humanoid hands. The tips of their fingers touch.

LOVELLA (V.O.)

And I always leave my window open  
no matter the time of year  
because... I need the night. I need  
to be able to touch it. It's like,  
the only drug I NEED mainlined.

A breeze from the open window blows some hair off her  
shoulders. The air duct in the ceiling funnels out a thicker,  
foggier air. She inhales, nostrils flaring - pleased.

Lovella withdraws her hand to begin writing in her journal.  
The humanoid hand too withdraws back into the wardrobe.

CUT BACK TO:

VIVIENNE'S CLASSROOM

SCREECHING on the chalkboard as Vivienne has written and  
underlined the words "slow down."

LOVELLA

Just a thought: who even has  
chalkboards anymore?

Vivienne sets down the chalk, slaps her hands clean of its  
dust.

VIVIENNE

To me, it sounds like someone's  
fallen in love for the first time  
and doesn't know how in God's name  
to handle it.

LOVELLA

Well, it's really all thrown a  
wrench in my nightly routine. I  
can't concentrate long enough to  
write anything.

CUT TO:

LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM

The dorm room door opens. As the hallway light leaks into the  
room it's as if a silent explosion's gone off. Lovella, still  
in her chair, along with other items on her desks and shelves  
fall to the ground IN SLOW MOTION!

VIVIENNE (V.O.)

And again.

LOVELLA (V.O.)

Well... I don't know if I've fallen in love, but I do know that for the first time my reality has usurped my fantasy.

CUT BACK TO:

VIVIENNE'S CLASSROOM

Vivienne smiles.

VIVIENNE

You're undoubtedly a wordsmith, kid. A WORDY wordsmith, but nonetheless.

She hands the handwritten letter back to Lovella.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

I hope it's cherished the way it deserves to be, in the right hands.

LOVELLA

That's ominous.

VIVIENNE

Someone who's, let's say, a less enlightened folk from the English department may interpret it differently. That's my only concern. Especially with its particular imageries and the repetition of the word, "hallucinate."

(off her blankness)

Apart from that let me commend your nuance because it's my contention that your generation suffers from the habitual need to oversimplify.

Lovella looks down at her paper, now skeptical of her work.

LOVELLA

(deadpan)

You think I'm bat-shit nuts.

VIVIENNE

No, but you may very well be the most amazingly bizarre person I've ever met.

LOVELLA  
(scratching head)  
Is that any different?

VIVIENNE  
You'll have to come to that  
conclusion yourself.

INT. CONCERT HALL - EVENING

AN ACAPELLA CONCERT.

Sunny is in the front row and is currently performing a solo. Lovella sits in the audience videotaping the performance on a camcorder.

INT. CONCERT HALL - BACKSTAGE - LATER

Lovella wanders around until she spots Sunny standing outside of the fitting room with some of her friends, including Marie, MAXIME (21) and JODIE (20).

Once Lovella approaches and gives Sunny a bear hug, the friends back-pedal into the fitting room.

LOVELLA  
You did so well!

SUNNY  
Fuck. I was so pitchy. Thanks so  
much though. Can you send it to my  
mom? Do you still have her e-mail?

LOVELLA  
Yeah, I'm pretty sure. I  
accidentally taped through  
intermission.

SUNNY  
That was like, super sweet of you  
to do, but oh my God, did you see  
those cheap ass bleachers shaking?  
Fuck. This. Budget. Cut.

LOVELLA  
No, I didn't notice.

Lovella pulls a bright pink pill box out of her saddle bag.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Before I forget, you left this on  
the toilet in my bathroom.

SUNNY

Oh shit, yeah I forgot to throw it out after I flushed the pills. You can toss it.

LOVELLA

Why would you... do that?

SUNNY

Because fuck those meds. They fuck with my skin more than my birth-control. And if I take them then my birth control won't work, so...

LOVELLA

Your skin's always clear? Did you run that by your doctor?

SUNNY

UGH! Blah-blah. Whatever. Hey, I have to pop over to this after-party. Can I grab a shot off you?

Lovella takes a short beat to process whether she should keep pressing the subject. She doesn't, retrieves the flask and hands it over to Sunny.

LOVELLA

Can I come?

Sunny takes a half a shot before nearly spitting it out - never answering Lovella's question.

SUNNY

Ugh, is this Whiskey. I can't with Whiskey. Every time I even smell it, it reminds me of Dylan and I, you know? How he used to go down on me with Whiskey breath and give my pussy goosebumps.

Sunny fans her eyes as if about to cry or just overpowered by the smell of Whiskey. She takes off for the dressing room.

LOVELLA

Hey, wait. I had a question!

Sunny is half-way through the dressing room's beaded curtain when she turns back to Lovella.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Have you ever slow danced with a boy before?

SUNNY

Uh... definitely not with Dylan.  
 Maybe at a dance in middle school.  
 Why? Did you tango with Rico-Suave?

LOVELLA

Yeah... is that normal? What does  
 that mean? Is it good?

SUNNY

Yeah, that's good. How wouldn't it  
 be? I mean... it's a bit early on  
 like, usually people do that  
 further into dating, but whatever.

Some voices from inside the dressing room call out to Sunny, she turns and responds to them before disappearing inside all together. Lovella waits a beat, thinking she might come back. Sunny doesn't.

Lovella turns and heads towards the front stage, tossing the bright pink pill box in a trash can on her way out.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Lovella puts some finishing touches on a large decorative heart with the names "Alejandro & Lovella" written inside.

She tears it out of her journal and hangs it on her wall, admiring it with a blushing smile as she rises from her desk chair and tosses a backpack over her shoulder.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - LATER

Clenching the straps of her backpack tightly, Lovella stares wide-eyed up at Alejandro's second floor suite.

The shades are open, NEON LIGHTS shine through the windows, LOW RAP MUSIC PLAYS and a NEON BUDWEISER SIGN FLASHES.

Lovella bolts back into her suite... fearful.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - J.W & RICK'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella barges in to find J.W playing a violent video game, while RICK (22), his aloof roommate, lies on the bed reading.

LOVELLA

Can I talk to you?

J.W

Sure. Let me press pause-- and they shot me in the mouth. Fuck.

LOVELLA

Do you know anything about TQ 60?

J.W

Yeah rugby house? Right next door? A bunch of smug fuck boys. What about em'?

LOVELLA

What's a fuck boy?

Rick GRUNTS before rolling over in his bed, annoyed.

J.W

A fuck boy is a douche-bag, a manipulative prick and a horn-dog all in one. Some more harmless than others, but they're pretty much the worst form of modern man.

LOVELLA

Well, are they all fuck boys? They can't all be fuck boys, can they?

J.W

I mean, I don't know them all personally. It's just that their reputation precedes them. Public safety is pretty much there every weekend.

LOVELLA

What? Why?

J.W

I don't know. Like, yesterday they shot off illegal fireworks.

LOVELLA

That was them?

J.W

Yeah.

LOVELLA

Well... that's not THAT bad.

J.W

Sure, but give them the rest of the year.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alejandro sits close to the door. Silvio lies across a couch, watching TV, while Yusuf does homework at the table.

Lovella knocks on the door only ONCE before letting herself in (not as impolite as when first entering Vivienne's office, but not quite perfect in etiquette yet). Alejandro jumps up.

ALEJANDRO

Oh. Hey. Yeah. Come on in.

LOVELLA

(awkward)

Hi or hola.

She waves innocently. Alejandro gestures for her to follow.

ALEJANDRO

Follow me. This way.

Alejandro automatically takes off up the hallway. Lovella hurries to catch up with him. She waves as she passes the suite-mates. They ignore her.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro leads Lovella down the hallway.

ALEJANDRO

Right back here.

Forest exits a room and passes them, munching on a bag of Cheetos. He gives Lovella a cool "whatsup" head nod.

As they pass the bathroom, she sees that inside there are chairs and dirty plates covering the double sink.

LOVELLA

Are those chairs in the bathroom?

ALEJANDRO

Yeah, we eat in there sometimes.

LOVELLA

Ew. Gross.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - ALEJANDRO & MADDOX'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro closes the door behind them.

LOVELLA

Awe. It's your little dorm room. Am I allowed to open any drawers?

ALEJANDRO

Uh, I'd rather you didn't.

Lovella wanders around his side of the dorm. Family pictures, lighters, sports memorabilia, posters of half nude models.

LOVELLA

(re: family picture)

Your sister's beautiful. I mean, I assume this isn't your cousin?

ALEJANDRO

Yeah. Her name's Camilla. She just turned eighteen. It's like, every big brother's worst nightmare.

Lovella notices three holes in the wall, goes to them and pokes her finger inside.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Ah, don't look at that.

She proceeds to lift an NFL poster next to the holes, which has intentionally covered up more holes... seven in total.

LOVELLA

Are these all from you?

ALEJANDRO

Not all of them. But uh, most. Yeah. I get a little too fucked up some times.

He makes a punching gesture, Lovella nervously laughs. To divert the conversation, she heads for his bed.

LOVELLA

Awe, it's your little bed.

Lovella fluffs one of his pillows when Maddox barges in and grabs his Mac laptop of his desk.

MADDOX

(calling out)

No, the fucking odd ones! The answers are in the back!

Maddox looks up to see Lovella, eyes her. Alejandro tenses.

MADDOX (CONT'D)  
What's up?

LOVELLA  
Just fluffing this pillow.

MADDOX  
How fun.

Maddox laughs condescendingly, eyes Alejandro before exiting.

Lovella moves to the dorm room's only window.

LOVELLA  
Is this the window you were  
pointing to last night?

ALEJANDRO  
No. Actually, I got it wrong.  
That's the-- uh, the wrong one.

An awkward beat. Tension. Alejandro isn't showing much affection or interest in the moment.

LOVELLA  
Are you okay?

ALEJANDRO  
Yeah, yeah. We're headed to Church  
Point, right?

Alejandro throws his backpack over his shoulder. She nods. As they head for the door, Lovella grabs his hand. He holds onto it for a split second before letting go.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Maybe later. Yeah?

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - MAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

As they walk along the guardrail, the tension continues.

Alejandro looks too afraid to make eye contact with Lovella. He instead frequently glancing behind him looking for oncoming cars. He pushes Lovella to the inside.

ALEJANDRO  
Be careful. I've heard about cars  
not seeing joggers or bikers this  
time of night. Plow right into em'.

EXT. EPISCOPAL CHURCH GRAVEYARD - MOMENTS LATER

They pass the unlit Episcopal Church. The tension remains! Alejandro looks around at the landscape as if a little frightened of being here at night.

EXT. CHURCH POINT - MOMENTS LATER

They set up camp underneath a white wooden crucifix.

LOVELLA

I got this for you.

She pulls a beer from her backpack.

ALEJANDRO

My very own beer?

LOVELLA

I remember you said you liked the ribbon ones.

He laughs. It's a Pabst.

ALEJANDRO

Thank you. Let's drink it together.

They sit on the concrete platform of the crucifix. He's unable to unscrew the cap. He spends the next half of a minute trying different techniques - his teeth, a nearby oyster. HE CUSSES.

Lovella looks at him like 'who is this person?'

LOVELLA

Uh, can I change the song?

Alejandro grunts "yes" through the exertions of strength, preoccupied. Lovella picks up his phone to change the RAP SONG playing in the background.

ALEJANDRO

Tight mother fucker.

He's finally able to unscrew the cap, sits back down.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

One thing you should know about me, when I put my mind to something I always get what I want.

Lovella - unimpressed - keeps scrolling through his phone. Just as he takes a sip of his beer, she leaps to her feet, throws his phone - HARD - into the sand!

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Hey? What the hell?

She doesn't answer, begins packing up her belongings. He grabs his phone from the sand and wipes it clean.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Why would you throw my phone?

He tries touching her arm, she slaps it away.

LOVELLA  
Fuck off.

ALEJANDRO  
What? Why? What happened?

She shoves him once he tries touching her arm again.

LOVELLA  
I said fuck off!

ALEJANDRO  
No! What? I've been looking forward to this all day! I don't understand.

LOVELLA  
HAVE YOU STOLEN THE WITCH'S VIRGINITY YET!?

He freezes, unable to answer. Embarrassed, he goes red.

ALEJANDRO  
You went through my-- wait, I never responded when he asked that.

LOVELLA  
My fucking hero.

ALEJANDRO  
Wait, you shouldn't have been going through my texts to begin with.

LOVELLA  
Sue me!

She knocks his phone out of his hands again. As he bends down to pick it up again, she tries rushing by him. He grabs her.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Fuck you, fuck whoever this piece of shit named Silvio is and fuck my dumb ass letter-- waste of my time.

She removes a folded piece of journal paper from her pocket and throws it in his face - HARD. It drops into the sand.

ALEJANDRO

No, please. Please! I was looking forward to this all day. I just think you're really unique.

LOVELLA

But you didn't say unique, did you? You said freak. FREAK! You called me a witch! You said, "update, the witch is back and maybe she'll let me cum in her caldron." You said you were quote: "going for the freaks not n' days."

She shoves him again - even harder. He grabs the folded love letter from the sand as it starts to blow away.

ALEJANDRO

No, please. Please, I'm begging you. I'm begging you, Lovella!

LOVELLA

Then fall to your knees and start begging.

(beat)

You have three seconds. Three, two--

He's down on his knees by two. Humiliated, he looks down. She puts her finger under his chin, tilting it upwards so that he can't look away from her dark gaze.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Say you want me to stay.

ALEJANDRO

... I want you to stay.

LOVELLA

Louder.

ALEJANDRO

I want you to stay!

LOVELLA

I said louder!

ALEJANDRO  
I WANT YOU TO FUCKING STAY!

Alejandro tries putting his head down again. She prevents him, still holding his chin with one finger.

Alejandro's POV: Lovella staring down at him - DARKLY. God-like as the moon haloes her head. Her nostrils flair in rage.

LOVELLA  
(under breath)  
Oh, I could get used to it up here.

She backs away from him... slowly... as if enjoying observing his submissive state in its entirety.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
You want to suck my dick while  
you're down there too?

Alejandro, teary-eyed. Lovella's expression, immediately regretting those words.

ALEJANDRO  
I guess I deserve that one.

Lovella takes off up the beach. Alejandro scrambles to his feet and chases after her as he stuffs the love letter into his pocket.

EXT. EPISCOPAL CHURCH GRAVEYARD - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro runs to catch up with her.

ALEJANDRO  
Lovella. Wait. God, you're fast.  
Hey, I'm really truly sorry. Okay?  
It was-- I wasn't thinking it  
through, how bad it sounded.

LOVELLA  
I'm sorry for telling you to  
perform fellatio on me.

ALEJANDRO  
It's okay. Look, I was a really  
shitty person my first few years of  
college, but it's not who I really  
am. Not now. I've changed.

LOVELLA  
Not buying it.

ALEJANDRO

I mean, I'm changing. I've been working on myself.

LOVELLA

What are some shitty things you've done? You said you were a "shitty person," so tell me.

ALEJANDRO

Like, tell you about something shitty I've done?

LOVELLA

Yes, that's what I said. Unburden yourself.

ALEJANDRO

Well, back in May I, uh... I slept with my best friend's girlfriend.

Lovella stops walking, appalled, jaw-dropped.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

I know. I know how it sounds. That was a really bad one. We got really fucked up at this graduation party. That's not an excuse. I know it's isn't, but--

LOVELLA

(a crisis moment)

Oh my God. What am I doing here?

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Alejandro continues in his chase of Lovella.

ALEJANDRO

Look, I know I'm not half as interesting as you.

LOVELLA

What? I find you interesting, at least partly. I just don't know about this anymore, okay? I don't know how to date. I don't know how it works-- or is supposed to go, but I still wanted to try it out and see how it went because I've developed a crush on you, but--

ALEJANDRO

Lovella. Please. I really am trying to-- I started seeing a therapist at the wellness center. I see her twice a week. And I've never told anyone that other than my mother. I know I have some problems.

LOVELLA

Yeah, but your problems aren't my problems.

ALEJANDRO

I know that. I know they aren't.

Lovella stops walking abruptly, so does he. She paces around the sidewalk for a moment, biting her nails and contemplating her next move. Alejandro bows his head, patiently awaiting his fate.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

LOVELLA

Okay. I heard you.

(beat)

Go to the pub and buy me something to eat or a slushy. Then you can come back to my place.

ALEJANDRO

Yes, yes. Okay. I can do that.

He sighs in relief, nods and takes off for the pub running.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Alejandro sets a basket of nachos on her desk. Lovella's already drinking her raspberry slushy.

LOVELLA

Smells like pheromones in here.

She turns on the fan and sprays Febreze. It blows into Alejandro's face. He cries out in pain, covers his eyes.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Oh, shoot. Sorry.

She sits beside him and wipes a tear running down his cheek. He's not crying, his eyes are just watering from the sting - a sweet moment.

ALEJANDRO

You're allowed to just wear a tank-top around me, you know.

He tugs at a sleeve of Lovella's oversized jacket. She pauses a moment before removing her jacket and exposing her bare shoulders for the first time... but her hair covers them.

LOVELLA

Why do you sleep with so many girls?

ALEJANDRO

I-- I-- don't anymore. I used to.

LOVELLA

Why did you used to?

ALEJANDRO

... I wanted to be cool.

LOVELLA

(deadpan)

Did it work? Do you feel cool?

He bows his head for a beat, embarrassed. He reaches into his pocket and removes her letter. As he starts to unfold it...

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

No, don't read it-- don't. You probably won't get it anyway.

ALEJANDRO

What's that supposed to mean?

LOVELLA

No, not like that. It's just that it's... out there... WAY out there.

She tries snatching it from him, he dangles it high in the air - taunting with his height.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Read it later at least, please. Not in front of me.

He sees how nervous she is and nods, tucking it back into his pocket, but first giving it a sweet kiss.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Look, it's our first date.

ALEJANDRO

Oh, please. Please don't let this be our first date.

LOVELLA

But it is. You bought me food and a fruity little cocktail.

She retrieves her flask from her saddle bag on the floor beside her and pours some Vodka into the slushy.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Here, a toast to do-overs, jack-asses and inappropriate fellatio requests.

He laughs, wraps his hand around hers (which holds the slushy) and takes a sip after her.

He looks deep into her eyes... in love (at least infatuated) and doesn't let go of her hand.

As Lovella's body shifts slightly, her hair moves and Alejandro sees her left shoulder - IT'S COVERED IN SELF-HARM SCARS, dozens upon dozens.

ALEJANDRO

Whoa. Hey.

He grabs her left shoulder, moves aside more stray hairs to better examine the wounds.

LOVELLA

Oh, yeah. I call them my little pink caterpillars. See them all crawling around under there?

He fingers the scars, feeling the bumpiness, prodding.

ALEJANDRO

Why do you do this to yourself?

LOVELLA

I don't anymore. I used to.

He doesn't catch onto the fact that she's quoting him.

ALEJANDRO

But why did you USED to?

LOVELLA

I wanted to be cool.

Alejandro finally catches on, laughs as he rubs her hand.

ALEJANDRO

Well, do you feel cool, Lovella?

LOVELLA

Yeah, the fucking coolest.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Lovella sits at her desk. One candle lit. Window ajar. Her open journal in front of her. The current page has some scribbled, crossed out lines written. She stares at it in peril - writer's block.

The transparent arms (her characters) in the sleeves of her wardrobe behind her have already manifested long ago, but now BEGIN TO FADE AWAY.

As if giving up once and for all, Lovella leans back in her chair and SLAPS her journal closed. A deep breath.

She suddenly starts rubbing her eyes.

A VISION --- In a blurred haze against a pitch-black backdrop, TINY FLAMES and SPARKS BURST as they FALL IN SLOW MOTION. It's a mesmerizing light show, a TWINKLING rainfall.

Lovella rises abruptly. The desk chair squeaks as it's shoved across the tile floor.

She continues rubbing her eyes, wincing.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

QUICK SHOTS of Lovella changing into her black athletic garb.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

Already a little sweaty, Lovella scales up a small hill and pauses before the treeline. As soon as she hears VOICES down the hill (probably students out for a late night smoke), she bolts into the treeline.

EXT. THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

There are no man-made trails in this area of the woods.

Lovella runs in a zigzag as if striving to get lost, jumping over fallen logs, branches, etc. She even jumps off a fallen tree trunk high enough to reach a tree branch and perform two or three pull-ups.

Giggling. She disappears into the night.

INT. VIVIENNE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

After class, Vivienne wraps up speaking with a STUDENT by the door when she sees Lovella is still sitting at her desk in the far back corner, staring off out the windows.

Vivienne ascends the aisle and sits down in a desk diagonal to hers. She says nothing... tapping her nails against the desktop, waiting for Lovella to initiate conversation.

LOVELLA

Have you ever experienced something along the lines of motherly intuition?

VIVIENNE

Almost daily.

LOVELLA

Have you ever had an intuition and like, maybe not known if it was good or bad?

VIVIENNE

No.

Lovella turns her head.

LOVELLA

No?

VIVIENNE

No.

LOVELLA

You can't just answer THAT quickly.

VIVIENNE

Well, I'm sorry, how long did you want me to pause before answering? Three seconds? Five? There's no such thing as grey area with intuition. And I'm sure whatever it is that's plighting you, deep, deep down you know it's not as much of a toss up as you'd like to think.

Lovella takes a beat to think, stares back at the windows.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Is there anything else you'd like to talk about?

LOVELLA

... There was all of this pain like someone's thumbs were digging into my eye sockets. I've never had that before.

Lovella rubs her naked eyes. Vivienne - lost.

VIVIENNE

What is this about?

LOVELLA

Nothing. Nevermind. Uh...

Lovella now stressfully rubs other parts of her face as she struggles to get out what's on her mind.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

There were just a few occasions in my formative years where I saw... these... I don't know what they are. I don't know what to call them, but they seem to precede a major life event. I always see some flash image, a sort of minor ass detail. One that's narratively impossible to interpret, which is what makes them so infuriating.

VIVIENNE

So, would the word precognition be appropriate here?

Lovella nods sheepishly as if embarrassed.

LOVELLA

I don't expect you to believe me though. I know how it sounds.

VIVIENNE

What I believe is that look in your eyes right now. And that's enough for me.

(beat)

So what are your options?

LOVELLA

... What do you mean?

VIVIENNE

I mean, you can sit here and  
elevate your blood pressure over it  
or you can go live life and find  
out.

LOVELLA

I think I might hike up my blood  
pressure for another minute or two.

VIVIENNE

Okay. Deal.

Vivienne quietly laughs, Lovella even cracks a smile.  
Vivienne rises and walks to the door.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

I'm going to tell you something I  
tell my eldest son. In his ninth  
grade vernacular: don't "freak out"  
until there's something to  
definitively "freak out" about.  
Turn the lights off when you go.

LOVELLA

You can turn them off now.

Vivienne accepts her request and turns off the lights before  
leaving. The door slowly closes, CREAKING as Lovella turns  
and gazes back out the windows.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

Carrying her to-go-box, Lovella heads up a brick path and  
ascends a brick staircase to the great room. Her hair is  
different, parted on the side and not down the middle.

Student FAMILIES scatter about; the start of family weekend.

INT. GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella is ladling dressing over her salad when Alejandro  
walks up behind her, tickling her neck. She jumps.

ALEJANDRO

Boo.

LOVELLA

Hey, how are you? Awe. You grew  
stubble overnight.

She scratched his chin. Alejandro tucks in her dress's tag.

ALEJANDRO

Your tag's out.

LOVELLA

We're finally in the daylight together.

ALEJANDRO

We are, aren't we?

They smile at each other for a beat until Sunny runs up to Lovella and grabs her shoulders - she's incredibly high with blood-shot eyes. Alejandro backs up.

SUNNY

Say, Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.

LOVELLA

(effortless)

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.

SUNNY

Now say, I'm not a fig plucker nor a fig plucker's son, but I'll pluck figs till the fig fucker-- plucker comes. Shit! So close.

Sunny starts cackling dramatically, snorting as she rests her head against Lovella's shoulder for a beat. Lovella and Alejandro exchange 'what the fuck' looks.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Awe, your hair's adorable.

LOVELLA

(wide-eyed)

Hi there, Sun.

Sunny strokes Lovella's hair, turns to glance back at Alejandro. She looks up and down like he's a stranger.

SUNNY

Who's that?

Sunny blows raspberries with her tongue in Lovella's face, runs off across the great room.

LOVELLA

She'll probably need a baby-sitter sooner than later.

Alejandro makes a winding motion with his finger near his temple, symbolizing the universal sign for PSYCHO.

ALEJANDRO

See you tonight.

He turns and heads for the seating area. Lovella closes her to-go-box and pauses to watch where Alejandro sits.

The table he fast approaches is filled with his IMMEDIATE FAMILY; MOTHER (50), FATHER (55) and SISTER (18). He kisses his mother on the cheek before sitting sown beside her. As if unnerved by witnessing, Lovella rushes out of the great room.

EXT. EPISCOPAL CHURCH GRAVEYARD - LATER

Lovella sits alone on a bench overseeing the graveyard and eats lunch from her to-go-box.

EXT. THE GREENS - NIGHT

Equipped with only her saddle bag, Lovella pauses as she approaches the greens. A chaotic view of partying, streaking and dancing college kids. Blow up volleyballs bounce around the tops of the crowd. BURSTING OF CONFETTI!

She pushes on, headed up a brick path.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As J.W hosts a competitive game of ping-pong and sings songs from the soundtrack "Cabaret" with his fellow theater members, Lovella stands pressed against the wall, watching.

J.W dances over to her and gestures for her to slap his ass, trying to cheer her up. She does and half-laughs awkwardly.

EXT. THE GREENS - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella aimlessly walks around weaving between groups of partiers, sneakily drinking from her flask until she spots some of Sunny's friends.

She walks up to them and tries to listen/join. Sunny is not present. To get their attention, she taps one of their shoulders... this is Maxime. Maxime doesn't respond as she's in the middle of speaking to Jodie.

LOVELLA

Excuse me. It's Maxime, right?

Lovella tries tapping her shoulder again.

MAXIME

Okay, do you not know basic fuckin' manners? I'm in the middle of a conversation.

Maxime's lit, nearly slurring her words.

LOVELLA

Oh, sorry.

MAXIME

What?

LOVELLA

I was just wondering if you knew where Sunny is-- or went?

MAXIME

Sorry. What's your name again?  
(laughs)  
No, for real. I don't remember.

LOVELLA

... It's Matilda.

She looks Lovella up and down, skeptical.

MAXIME

She followed some guys somewhere. I think they went around the back. She's all butt-hurt over seeing Dylan with another girl.

Maxime points up the townhouse sidewalk.

LOVELLA

Okay. Thanks.

JODIE

Salem's lot. Check out Salem's lot.

A drunk Jodie pops her head in between Lovella and Maxime, waves her finger in Lovella's face.

EXT. THE TOWNHOUSES - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The lot is dimly lit by only one street lamp. A few drunkards stand around smoking joints/cigarettes. Lovella spots Sunny with TWO TOWNIES by a beat-up truck.

She approaches, their flirtatious antics pause.

LOVELLA  
Hey...? Who are they?

SUNNY  
Fancy seeing you here. This is Evan  
and this is, uh... Ricky I think.

Sunny laughs, both high and drunk, barely able to keep her posture straight. Eyes puffy and makeup a mess.

LOVELLA  
They look thirty.

TOWNIE (RICKY)  
Whoa, whoa. We're twenty-six. Let's  
get it right. And we're actually  
headed to a party down route 8,  
wanna join in?

LOVELLA  
If you're twenty-six why are you  
still hanging out on a college  
campus?

TOWNIE (RICKY)  
(fake coughs)  
The bitches.

TOWNIE (EVAN) (CONT'D)  
Missed the point by a long shot.

SUNNY  
My fucking head is throbbing.

Sunny rubs her temples.

LOVELLA  
Where's the address to this  
gathering? Can I have it?

TOWNIE (EVAN)  
Uh, don't you have it in your  
phone, bro?

He points to Ricky. Ricky begins searching through his phone.

TOWNIE (RICKY) (CONT'D)  
Shit, what's my password?

Lovella looks at Sunny with a face that says, 'really?'

SUNNY

(off in her own world)

They were literally dry humping on the hammocks in broad fucking daylight. Him and this bleach blonde wearing these shit-stained Moccasins and a dumb-ass baseball cap to the side. Whoa, you're cool.

LOVELLA

I don't think that's a good enough excuse to hop into a pick-up with a couple of local low-lives.

TOWNIE 1 (RICKY)

What the fuck, you bitch. We're right here.

SUNNY

Yeah, the address to the party is South-Central get out of my fucking business parkway.

Sunny laughs at her lame joke and starts to tip over, losing balance again. Lovella rushes over to help her, but Sunny (tearing up with emotion) shoves her away - this act is only done half consciously due to the booze.

Lovella stumbles backwards and falls over a cement curb stop.

They all laugh at her, mostly the townies. Lovella brushes her knees off, hands scraped badly and bleeding a little.

LOVELLA

I hope you do get raped.

She gets up and walks off. As she does, a pissed Sunny yells--

SUNNY

Who the fuck says that to someone?!

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella walks up a brick path headed for a small wooden bridge that sits overtop a large pond. As she walks across the bridge a group of middle aged females and males (presumably professors) walk in the opposing direction toward her. One of whom is Vivienne. She catches sight of Lovella.

VIVIENNE

Lovella, hey.

Vivienne notices her gloomy expression and waves her co-workers onward as she stops to chat for a beat.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

LOVELLA  
Yeah. I'm fine.

VIVIENNE  
Where are you headed?

LOVELLA  
Why are you here this late?

VIVIENNE  
I'm just coming back from a lecture  
that ran a little late in Good  
Pastor Hall.

Vivienne looks in the direction Lovella's headed - desolate and dark. In this same exact moment the CHURCH BELLS GO OFF! CHIMING TEN TIMES signalling that it's ten o'clock.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)  
There's nothing that way, but the  
church, which is long closed at  
this hour.

LOVELLA  
Just taking a longer router home.

VIVIENNE  
Okay...?

Lovella hides her bright red, scraped hand behind her back.

To divert away from the tension, Lovella points down to the sandbar inside the pond below the bridge that spell out the words "GO SEAHAWKS" in rocks.

LOVELLA  
Last week it said, "cure my blue-  
balls."

VIVIENNE  
Well, you know it's parent's  
weekend, so we're pushing school  
spirit over reality.

Lovella cracks a smile, mildly amused.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Are your parents visiting? I could meet them if you'd like.

LOVELLA

Oh, no. No. They're boxes of ash. I do have a half-sister, but she's a housewife and well over a decade older, so...

Vivienne goes silent.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Once my mother locked me in the attic for three days. I was maybe nine or ten. I started searching through all of these storage boxes. That's where I found this used journal with a stylus pen attached by a string. I sat by the attic's only window. It was like, one foot wide and circular. It was a really old house. And that's where I wrote my very first crappy horror story about this deformed pianist and his pregnant wife who's been cursed to play continuous melodies until the child's birth or else the child would suffer from the same deformities as the father. But, yeah, that's how it all started.

Lovella shrugs, half-laughs inappropriately.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Blessing in disguise if there is such a thing.

Lovella very abruptly and awkwardly walks off before Vivienne even has a chance to absorb this and respond.

VIVIENNE

(calling after)

Lovella.

Lovella stops, slowly turns back around. They're far enough apart now where each has to raise their voice in order to be heard over the wind.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Promise me you're going home right now, back to your dorm.

Lovella gives a half-assed nod, continues walking. Vivienne watches her go, genuinely concerned.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Lovella wipes blotches of blood off her desk and tosses the dirtied napkins in the trash can.

WHISTLING from in the hallway. The door's cracked. Alejandro lets himself inside.

ALEJANDRO

Hey there, babe.

LOVELLA

You didn't have to come. You could have stayed out with your friends.

ALEJANDRO

I didn't want to. Everyone's boring.

LOVELLA

I could have told you that.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella and Alejandro sit at her desk. Just as he starts to rub her knees, she pulls her chair away. Nervous.

ALEJANDRO

Don't-- what are you-- come here.

He pulls her chair closer to him, takes her hand.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

I have to ask you something.

LOVELLA

Okay?

ALEJANDRO

Would you please go to rugby formal with me?

LOVELLA

Uh, yeah. Yeah. I'd love to. I'm not sure what that is, but--

ALEJANDRO

They host it every year at this really fancy country club.

(MORE)

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

That means you have to wear a pretty dress and take pictures with me.

She nods, blushing.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

As soon as my coach made the announcement today I couldn't stop thinking about how I was going to ask you.

LOVELLA

Sure. I have a few gowns in mind. It can be like, the prom I never went to.

ALEJANDRO

You never went to your prom?

She shakes her head, he brushes her hair behind her ears.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

You looked really pretty in the great room today.

LOVELLA

I parted my hair differently. Everyone seems to be a fan.

ALEJANDRO

If we had kids they'd be really athletic.

Lovella awkwardly nods.

LOVELLA

Selective breeding, I'm for it.

ALEJANDRO

I told my mom about you today.

LOVELLA

Oh, yeah? What's your mom like?

ALEJANDRO

She's tough. Head of the household for sure. You have to go through her to get to me.

A beat. They both stare deeply into each others eyes as if wanting to express something/share their feelings, but can't.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

I don't like how it feels when I let go of your hand. That sounds so gay, uh... it's like, in the pit of my stomach, uh... I've had a few beers, sorry.

He's having trouble articulating his emotions, shakes his head - bashful. She steps in.

LOVELLA

I'm familiar with the feeling.

Alejandro takes her face in his hands, cradling it gently. Her long hair falls off her shoulders, revealing the FRESH CUT MARKS ON HER SHOULDER.

ALEJANDRO

Did you cut yourself?

She shrugs, turns so her cut up shoulder is away from him.

LOVELLA

Let's say I fell into a thorny rose bush.

ALEJANDRO

... Cut me.

For a moment, Lovella just laughs.

LOVELLA

What?

Alejandro rolls up his sleeve, slaps his shoulder. Deadpan.

ALEJANDRO

Right here. Come on.

LOVELLA

No?

ALEJANDRO

Yes. Cut me, Lovella.

LOVELLA

Stop being weird. That's my thing.

ALEJANDRO

I'm not fucking around. I want you to cut me.

He grabs a pair of sharp scissors from a jar of writing, scrapbooking material on her desk, tries handing it to her.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Use this. I don't care. Come on.

LOVELLA  
Stop.

She grabs the scissors from him, tosses them across the room.

ALEJANDRO  
Cut me! I want you to fucking cut  
me!

As he says this, he grabs her chin to steady her focus sort of in the way she did at Church Point.

An intense beat of staring until Lovella rises from her chair and dashes across the room to retrieve the pair of scissors.

LOVELLA  
Alright stud, have it your way.

As Alejandro begins to roll up his left sleeve again Lovella approaches him with the scissors and barks her order.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
No, take your fucking shirt off.

He rips off his shirt.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Stay still.

She grabs his head and presses it against her stomach.

ALEJANDRO  
Oh, fuck. Demonios si, amour.

With the scissors, Lovella quickly RIPS FOUR CUTS INTO ALEJANDRO'S LEFT SHOULDER, each over five inches in length. BLOOD POURS DOWN HIS ARM AND ONTO THE FLOOR. These are bigger than either of them had anticipated.

Lovella scoops up a puddle of his blood in her palm and SMACKS HIM ACROSS THE FACE WITH IT! She proceeds to smear Alejandro's blood on her own chest and even lick her fingers.

For a moment they're both frozen in parlous shock.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Fuck, that was so hot.

He jumps up. She backs away from him, not knowing what he's going to do next. He shakes his arm like a wagging wet dog's tail sending drops of blood fly all over the tile floor.

LOVELLA  
Yeah? You liked that?

ALEJANDRO  
Yeah, I fucking like that.

SHE SLAPS HIM ACROSS THE FACE! He grabs the scissors from her hands and throws them across the room.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Kiss me.

She SLAPS him across the face again.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Do it again.

She SLAPS him across the face again.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Fuck. Kiss me.

Lovella backs up into her hanging wardrobe and sits on top of her dresser. Alejandro parts the hanging clothing that she tries hiding inside.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Please, kiss me.

LOVELLA  
No. I can't.

ALEJANDRO  
Why not?

LOVELLA  
(stuttering like hell)  
I-- I would need commitment. I just-- I-- I can't kiss someone unless they're committed to me.

ALEJANDRO  
Then I'm your boyfriend.

LOVELLA  
What? No. You're just saying that to kiss me.

ALEJANDRO  
No, I want to be with you.

LOVELLA  
Say it again.

ALEJANDRO

I'm your boyfriend. I'm your  
boyfriend. Now, kiss me. Please.  
Jesus Christ. PLEASE! Do I have to  
beg for this too?!

Lovella jumps up onto her tip-toes and pecks his lips.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

That doesn't count.

She SLAPS him across the face THREE TIMES in a row. He  
retaliated and grabs her arms, pinning her against the wall.

LOVELLA

You've been with thirty-eight  
women.

ALEJANDRO

Thirty-four. I lied.

LOVELLA

Big difference, you fucking whore.

Lovella shoves him several times until he succumbs to falling  
into the chair where she SLAPS him across the face yet again.  
This time just once - HARD!

ALEJANDRO

Do it again.

Lovella looks slightly above Alejandro's head to see his  
ENLARGED, DEEPLY DARKENED SHADOW CAST HIGH ON THE WALL! His  
shadow-self coming out to play yet again in the presence of  
Lovella's dark mind-games.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

I fucking said to do it again.

With wild, mad-man eyes, Lovella listens and shifts her gaze  
away from Alejandro's growing shadow. As if a switch has been  
flipped, she unleashes a pent up rage --- SLAPPING THE EVER  
LOVING SHIT out of Alejandro.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Okay! Enough! I said enough! Stop!

Alejandro falls out of the chair, crawling to get away from  
Lovella. She continues to beat him while he's down, punching  
his side. It's not that he can't fight her off, it's that he  
doesn't know how to without hurting her.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Stop! Stop it! Lovella!

He finally grabs hold of her and pins her against the wall restraining her arms again.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Calm down, right fucking now.

Lovella knees him HARD in his penis. HE CRIES OUT, holding his tender crotch with both hands as he backs away.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
(coughing)  
You do not hit me there!

She shoves him onto her bed where she continues to hit him as he curls up in the fetal position.

This time when Alejandro grabs her he grabs her by the neck, pinning her to the wall again - HARsher. Papers rip off the wall. Her elbow jams into the back of the tall desks shelf, knocking items over - CRASHING NOISES!

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
I'll never touch you like this again, but you need to fucking stop hitting me now.

LOVELLA  
Cut me, please.

ALEJANDRO  
No.

LOVELLA  
I want to bleed with you.

Lovella bursts into tears. Alejandro looks down at his pants.

ALEJANDRO  
(to self)  
Jesus Christ, did I piss myself?  
(to Lovella)  
What's wrong? Hey, hey.

She shoves his arms away, scratching him with her long nails across his bare chest.

LOVELLA  
You've been with so many girls.  
It's so fucking gross. What if you have AIDS?

ALEJANDRO  
I don't have AIDS, Lovella. Look at me. Please, look up.

He grabs her face.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
 Maybe my version of finding the one  
 was weeding through thirty-four  
 girls who didn't mean anything to  
 me to get to you!

LOVELLA  
 Bullshit.

His blood drips into her lap, forming a tiny puddle.

ALEJANDRO  
 I just want to impress you.

LOVELLA  
 I think about you all the time.

ALEJANDRO  
 I think about you all the time too.

LOVELLA  
 Really?

ALEJANDRO  
 Yes. Except when I'm at rugby. Then  
 I think about getting beat up.

LOVELLA  
 What?

ALEJANDRO  
 Just please kiss me already.

LOVELLA  
 Dammit, I-- I-- I don't know how.

Alejandro crawls on top of Lovella, taking control and finally kissing her! Blood quickly coats both of their mouths as their make-out session revs up, quickly matching the intensity of the rest of the night.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
 Why aren't you moaning?

He begins to moan louder. SHE BITES HIS NECK. He yells out.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
 Bit me. Tear into my skin.

They roll off the bed before he can fulfil her wish. He catches her before she falls and props her back onto the bed.

ALEJANDRO

Oh, fuck yeah. Where have you been  
all my fucking life?

As the passion grows and the use of tongue is introduced, Lovella moans. This begins forging a problem in the erectile area for Alejandro.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Ah, shit.

Alejandro tries pulling himself away, but she pulls him back into her body - LUSTFUL.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Oh, no. Stop, stop, stop.

He pulls away again, covering his rock hard crotch. A beat of heavy breathing as they stare at one another - the high of lust having transformed them into beastly creatures.

Alejandro moves back to Lovella, touches her cheek tenderly. She licks her bloody fingers clean - yummy! He smiles.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Moonlight and one flickering, dying candle.

Alejandro and Lovella cuddle in bed lying in each other's arms, both sound asleep.

We PULL BACK to reveal the room's destruction: chairs are flipped over, blood is splattered all over the floor and walls, clothes are off their hangers, objects have fallen off the desks and shelves, the speaker skips - broken.

The window has been left wide open. A strong wind comes and blows out the weak flame... blackness.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - BATHROOM - DAY

Alejandro attempts to take a shower, but every time his cuts are pounded with the pressurized water he jumps back out.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The sink is covered in blood and bloody tissues.

Wrapped in a towel, Alejandro wipes the dried blood off his body (whatever he was unable to rinse off in the shower).

Wiping the sleep from his eyes, Silvio enters. The doorknob's broken. Alejandro freezes. They're both at a loss for words.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - SAME

Tucked tightly in her bed, Lovella awakens, yawning as she looks beside her to see that Alejandro is gone.

The room has been tidied, everything that's been knocked over has been put back in its designated place. The only thing that hasn't yet been cleaned are the blood splatters.

Lovella sits up. She looks down at her hands to see Alejandro's dried blood still coating her palms and chest.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - COMMON ROOM - SAME

A still shirtless Alejandro is surrounded by his suite-mates.

ALEJANDRO

We were-- I don't know-- we were  
shit-faced. I don't remember.

MADDOX

What the fuck do you mean you don't  
remember? You two chugging fuckin'  
Everclear?

YUSUF

Dude, she's crazy. Who even is she?

FOREST

It's the fucking witch.

MADDOX

Look how big they are, bro!

YUSUF

Do you need stitches?

ALEJANDRO

No, chill. They stopped bleeding  
like, hours ago. They're just raw.

Silvio enters the room with baby powder.

SILVIO

All we have is baby powder.

ALEJANDRO

What the fuck am I supposed to do  
with that, Silvio?

SILVIO

I don't know. Doesn't it like, dry  
shit out?

YUSUF

Dude, they're so deep though. Like,  
what even was the motive here? Were  
you fighting or--

ALEJANDRO

I don't fucking know! Stop asking  
me the same shit over and over.

Silvio approaches with hand full of baby powder. Alejandro  
slaps it out of his hand. The bottle explodes everywhere.

SILVIO

You get to clean that up.

FOREST

How big was the knife?

ALEJANDRO

It was... it was scissors.

FOREST

Oh, so now you remember the weapon  
of choice all of a sudden?

MADDOX

A pair of fucking scissors did  
that!? What were you cutting out  
fucking gingerbread men together,  
you pussy-bitch?

ALEJANDRO

Fuck you.

FOREST

Dude, his face is even fucked up.  
It's bruised. Look at his cheek.

MADDOX

Did this bitch punch you?

YUSUF

Can everyone calm the fuck down?  
He's obviously okay now. If he  
needs stitches we'll take him to  
the fucking hospital.

ALEJANDRO

I don't need fucking stitches!

They all chime in at once overwhelming Alejandro!

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
SHUT THE FUCK UP! JESUS CHRIST!

Everyone falls silent, until Maddox scoffs, laughs evilly.

MADDOX  
Fucking crazy. That bitch is  
fucking insane. A bitch did that to  
me I'd fucking kill her.

Maddox walks away, cursing under his breath.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - BATHROOM - LATER

Alejandro sits shirtless on the closed toilet seat,  
contemplating depressively when there's a KNOCK at the door.

ALEJANDRO  
Give me a minute.

YUSUF  
It's Yusuf.

ALEJANDRO  
I know the fucking sound of your  
voice, bro. Just give me a minute.

Yusuf enters anyway, closes the door behind him.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Really need to get that lock fixed.

YUSUF  
How's the pain? Think it's  
infected?

ALEJANDRO  
No, it's fine. Looks worse than it  
feels.

YUSUF  
Yo, Alejandro... I assume this was  
somewhat consensual, SOMEHOW, as  
you're the size you are, but...

ALEJANDRO  
Yusuf, I don't need this right now.  
I really don't.

YUSUF

Look, I don't know what kind of experimental kink this shit was, but it ain't anything I've ever heard of before. And I've seen some shit, but is not okay. Like that's gonna scar, bro. No question about it. I hope you know that.

ALEJANDRO

(deadpan)

I know that.

YUSUF

Like, who even is she-- you know what? It doesn't even matter. It's your own fucking business, but I got a gut feeling we haven't heard the whole story yet.

(off Alejandro's silence)

If you need anything you know where to find me... feel better.

And on that note, Yusuf exits. Alejandro BANGS his fist against the shower door - frustrated.

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - LATER

It's practice. The SEAHAWKS scrimmage against one another. Alejandro's team wears shirts/pinnies. As the hits and harsh physical contact continue, Alejandro's left shoulder gets pummeled one too many times. BLOOD BEGINS TO SEEP THROUGH HIS LEFT SLEEVE!

The COACH (45) stands on the sidelines. As the scrimmage continues, he keeps an eye on Alejandro noticing his efforts to wipe away the blood with pained facial expressions.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Alejandro packs up his gym bag. Some of his teammates/friends say goodbye as they depart.

RUGBY COACH (O.S.)

Alvarez.

He turns to see his coach standing in his office's doorway, gesturing for him to come here.

INT. RUGBY COACH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro enters. The coach rounds his desk, takes a seat.

ALEJANDRO  
Yeah, coach?

RUGBY COACH  
Come in. Talk to me for a minute.

Alejandro sits across from him. There's an immediate tension.

RUGBY COACH (CONT'D)  
How are you doing? How do you think  
you played today?

ALEJANDRO  
Good. Yeah. A little tired, but...

RUGBY COACH  
I get it senior year. Late nights.

ALEJANDRO  
(awkwardly laughs)  
Yeah.

RUGBY COACH  
That was one hell of a penalty kick  
you had. Keep dropping those.

ALEJANDRO  
Thanks. Will do, sir.

RUGBY COACH  
I noticed after a couple of scrums,  
you started favoring your right  
shoulder, which isn't like you.  
(beat)  
Wasn't until later that I saw the  
blood dripping own your left.

ALEJANDRO  
Oh, that. Yeah. It was just a  
cleat. Somebody must have stepped  
on it.

RUGBY COACH  
More like stomped on it. That was a  
hell of a lot of blood, son.

ALEJANDRO  
Yeah. Got me pretty good. I got a  
bandage from the therapy room.

RUGBY COACH  
A cleat, huh? You sure about that?

Alejandro nods, the coach leans forward.

RUGBY COACH (CONT'D)  
Let me take a look.

ALEJANDRO  
Uh, I'm fine. Really.

RUGBY COACH  
(deadpan)  
Now.

Alejandro's face - fear. He gulps audibly.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - LATER

With her to-go-box, Lovella heads up a brick pathway when a few rugby players exit the library. They stop and stare at her as she walks by. She notices this, eyes them right back.

INT. GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella ascends the staircase to the great room. As she does Sunny and two other girl, Marie and Maxime, descend. Sunny looks dishevelled, sleep-deprived, depressed.

LOVELLA  
(coy)  
Hey.

The two friends fly right by her. Sunny lags behind. Awkward.

SUNNY  
(sarcastic)  
So, how was the rest of your night?

LOVELLA  
(shrugs, still coy)  
I didn't stay out long.

SUNNY  
I heard some shit went down. You get him all fucked up again?

LOVELLA  
No.

SUNNY

Some rugby guys said you made him  
role-play some sadomasochistic  
shit.

LOVELLA

I guess if the rugby crew said it--  
they're really quite well known for  
fact checking their sources.

SUNNY

Well, congratulations. This should  
be exciting for you. I didn't think  
someone attractive would be into  
what you're into.

Lovella takes in the passive insult, mouth subtly dropping.  
She scoffs to herself, saying nothing in her defense and  
instead hurrying past Sunny towards the great room.

INT. GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella tries pouring herself an iced tea, but her hand  
shakes as she's clearly overwhelmed by emotion. Spills.

INT. VIVIENNE'S OFFICE - LATER

The office's only window is open. A gloomy Lovella sits in a  
chair picking at (not eating) the food in her to-go-box with  
a plastic fork. Vivienne grades papers. After a beat...

VIVIENNE

Have you been drinking again?

Lovella shakes her head. After another beat...

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Did something happen at lunch?

LOVELLA

No.

(off Vivienne's look)

It was crowded in the great room.  
There weren't any open tables.

Vivienne rolls her eyes.

VIVIENNE

(softly)

Come on. Lie to me better than  
that.

LOVELLA

A mother-ship landed on top of the great room and incinerated half of the cafeteria staff along with every bitchy white girl. I barely made it out alive without flashing my tits to the leader of the grays.

Lovella hides a chuckle. Vivienne removes her reading glasses and rubs her eyes stressfully, leaning back in her chair.

VIVIENNE

There's a fine line between wit and insolence.

Lovella says nothing.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Because I'd much rather refer you over to the wellness center where it WOULD be part of their job description to listen to you flatter yourself with flowery language all day.

LOVELLA

(scoffs, cocky)

That's always the default, isn't it? Counseling? Maybe everyone's just a pussy now n' days who thinks having anxiety makes them special.

VIVIENNE

Yeah, you're not tough, kid. Because in front of me I see a nineteen year old who couldn't find anyone to eat with come lunch time.

Lovella looks down. At this exact moment the open window behind Vivienne falls a couple inches, enough to make a SLIDING SOUND and cause Vivienne to turn around.

When Vivienne turns back to face Lovella, she sees the tail end of her saddle bag and heels fleeing the office.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - NIGHT

Alejandro sits on a tree stump in the treeline of the woods behind Thomasin Quad. He smokes a cigarette and reads the crinkled LOVE LETTER Lovella wrote. Head tilted either in confusion or intrigued - maybe both?

ROUGHHOUSING from inside his second floor suite. Silvio pops his head out of a window, BANGS his fist against the glass!

SILVIO  
Come on, bitch! Let-go!

INT. THE COLLEGE PUB - LATER

All of the suite-mates enter into the small pub, immediately greeting other rugby players with high-fives and bro-hugs.

INT. THE COLLEGE PUB - LATER

Silvio and Maddox flirting with TWO SLUTTY GIRLS. Drunk. Maddox touches slutty girl 2's ass. She smacks him.

SLUTTY GIRL 2  
Like, literally though.

MADDOX  
What, there was a loose string? I got it for you.

INT. THE COLLEGE PUB - MOMENTS LATER

Alejandro and Yusuf take Vodka shots, one after the other. Girls all around them, watching and cheering them on.

INT. THE COLLEGE PUB - MOMENTS LATER

The suite-mates play a game of darts, while simultaneously balancing beer filled red solo cups on their heads. Forest loses balance and spills the cup!

INT. THE COLLEGE PUB - LATER

The suite-mates taunt Alejandro about his cut.

FOREST  
Show em' off. Show those puppies.

SILVIO  
They started scabbing over yet?

MADDOX  
Roll them up. For real, bro. Don't be shy.

Maddox tries forcing Alejandro's sleeve up.

ALEJANDRO  
 Stop. Maddox. Fuck off.

He finally gives in and lets Maddox roll up his sleeve. GASPS from surrounding bystanders (mostly girls). Maddox SLAPS the cuts. Alejandro screams in genuine pain, grabs his shoulder.

INT. THE COLLEGE PUB - LATER

The dance floor. The suite-mates grind on girls, all supremely wasted at this point.

Alejandro stands at the bar. A hot girl tries dragging him onto the dance floor. He's reluctant, but eventually compromises and lets her grind on him where he stands.

INT. THE COLLEGE PUB

Alejandro and Silvio stand in the back hallway. Silvio's somehow still drinking a beer. Alejandro turns around to face the wall and begins to piss.

SILVIO  
 Go for it, bro.

Onlookers react and CUSS at him. As Alejandro zips his pants, a BAR WORKER approaches him from behind, grabs his shoulder.

BAR WORKER  
 Get the fuck out of here or I'll  
 call the--

Something in Alejandro snaps. HE PUNCHES THE BAR WORKER IN THE JAW. They brawl briefly before Silvio breaks it up.

BAR WORKER (CONT'D)  
 Fuck you, you fucking spic!

And with that racist remark, Silvio takes Alejandro's defense and begins wailing on the worker himself. As others intervene, Alejandro slips out the back door up the hallway.

EXT. THE COLLEGE PUB - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro spits up a decent amount of blood, coughs and lights himself a cigarette as he listens, unreactive, to the escalating PANDEMONIUM inside.

He slides down the door, slowly, until he's sitting on the gravel - defeated by the night and all that's on his mind.

Alejandro pulls Lovella's love letter out from his pocket and uses it to wipe the blood off his mouth.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - SAME

Lovella sits in her chair, journal lazily open in her lap with nothing's written inside - writer's block has not subsided. She stares tearfully out the open window.

In the hanging wardrobe the transparent arms are so faded, so hard to see that some start to DISAPPEAR one by one.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Lovella is sitting at her desk, brushing her doll baby's hair with a doll sized hair brush when a shadow moves into her doorway. KNOCKING. Alejandro's head pokes inside.

ALEJANDRO

Hey, can we talk?

Lovella is stunned, her doll nearly topples over.

LOVELLA

Yeah.

He shuts the door behind him and sits in the opposing chair, wearing a baseball cap and using it to cover his eyes.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

You look tired.

ALEJANDRO

Yeah, I had practice all day. I'm really fucking sore.

LOVELLA

You never returned my call. I haven't heard a word from you.

Alejandro looks down, moves his hat to further hide his eyes.

ALEJANDRO

I know. I'm sorry. Look, Lovella... I know that you're a once in a lifetime girl, but I just... I can't commit right now. I can't.

LOVELLA

Well, what changed between two nights ago and now?

ALEJANDRO

I just thought about it more. I don't know. I have rugby and playoff's require a metric fuck ton of focus. I have my senior project. I'm overloading on twenty credits. My schedule's packed.

LOVELLA

You had all of that before...?

ALEJANDRO

Look, what if I want to talk to other girls?

Lovella falls quiet.

LOVELLA

... Well, you could reverse it and say what if I want to talk to other guys?

ALEJANDRO

Lovella, be real. I'm the first guy to ever ask for your number.

Lovella starts fiddling with her thumbs, no comment.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

We're not going to be able to stop being that intense.

LOVELLA

Yes we could. We could just go for a walk.

ALEJANDRO

Yeah, remember when we tried that?

LOVELLA

Well, if you weren't such a dick-head and didn't trash me over text then it could have gone well.

ALEJANDRO

I just don't want to lead you on.

Lovella begins to cry quietly to herself, hiding her face behind her hands.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Please. Please don't cry.

LOVELLA  
I'll cry if I need to.

She continues for a beat. Alejandro looks away. Unbearable.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
I think you're just scared and  
ready to run back to what you know  
best, which is whoring around.

ALEJANDRO  
Stop calling me a whore, Lovella.  
It's getting old.

LOVELLA  
What, are we just not going to talk  
to each other again?  
(beat)  
You won't even look at me. You keep  
covering your eyes.

ALEJANDRO  
You're sitting here crying over me  
already and we've only been  
together for four fucking days!

LOVELLA  
Oh, I'm sorry for getting a little  
invested in a boy after smearing  
his blood all over my fucking face.  
Why are you being so mean?

He continues to look down.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Why can't you look at me? Just look  
at me.

ALEJANDRO  
Stop bossing me around! You're not  
the boss of me.

LOVELLA  
I'm just trying to prove a point.  
Look at me. You can't!

He refuses, adjusting his cap every few seconds.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Why did you want me to cut you?

He looks up, dead into her eyes.

ALEJANDRO

You're not that special, okay? I've had two other relationships where I didn't have sex.

LOVELLA

No, you haven't. Why did you want me to cut you?

His frustration rises. He jumps out of the chair as if to make a break for it. Lovella jumps up with him. She grabs his baseball off his head and hides it behind her back.

ALEJANDRO

Give it back. I'm not fucking around.

LOVELLA

Why did you want me to cut you?

ALEJANDRO

I don't remember! I was too fucked up, okay?!

LOVELLA

What a pathetic cop out.

They stare darkly at one another, until Lovella tosses his baseball cap on the floor at his feet. As he bends down to pick it up...

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Stay in your intellectual league next time.

Alejandro puts his baseball cap back on and beelines for the door. Lovella overhears him whisper, "bitch."

Before the door closes she grabs a tea cup (glass) off her desk and heaves it at his backside. It misses and hits the hallway wall - CRASH!

She falls into her desk chair and immediately breaks down into tears.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

INSTRUMENTAL CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYS FROM HER SPEAKERS.

Lovella sits in a chair near the open window. She scribbles indecipherable lines on the page. A blank gaze of perpetual writer's block as she stares outside.

The transparent arms in the clothing sleeves of her hanging wardrobe have vanished all together! A breeze sends the now empty sleeves swaying lightly.

Lovella throws her head into her hands, the journal drops to the tiled floor.

After a beat, Lovella rises from the chair and rips the dangling drawing that reads, "Alejandro & Lovella" off the wall and tosses it out the window.

She quickly regrets this...

LOVELLA

Shit.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - SAME

The shadow of Lovella's arm appears reaching across the sill. As the paper falls to the earth, her fingers beckon it backwards against the wind. It miraculously finds its way back into Lovella's hand.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella cuts a swatch of Alejandro's blood from her pillow case and tapes it up on her wall over her name, "Lovella." Now it's just Alejandro's name and a giant swatch of his dried blood inside the heart.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella takes repeated shots from her flask.

In her handheld mirror, Lovella re-coats her lips in a red lip liner with shaking hands and wet eyes.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella grabs a typewriter case from under her bed. Inside is a BEAUTIFUL BLACK GOWN and crumpled papers with her writings.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella slips into her black gown, grabs her lacrosse stick from underneath her bed and leaps out her dorm room window!

EXT. THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella furiously HITS THE SURROUNDING TREES WITH HER LACROSSE STICK... until it snaps in half.

She falls to her knees and BELTS OUT A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM before curling up on the ground in the fetal position.

The autumn leaves blow over her body as she falls asleep.

OVER BLACK:

THE SOUND RINGING, A PHONE BEING PICKED UP - MALE LAUGHTER

LOVELLA (V.O.)

Hello?

MALE VOICES (V.O.)

Uh, who's this? What's your name  
you fucking cunt-bitch? I'll shove  
my cock down your throat until you  
puke, you fucking--

THE SOUND OF A PHONE HANGING UP. THE SOUND OF A PHONE PICKING UP AGAIN.

MALE VOICES (V.O.)

Is this Lovella? Say your name for  
us, bitch-- what's your bra size--  
do you drink your own period blood--  
fucking whore-- even though you're  
kind of ugly I'd still fuck that  
flat ass though.

PROFANITIES IN THE BACKGROUND.

LOVELLA (V.O.)

Stop calling me or I'll report you.

MALE VOICES (V.O.)

Sure, bitch. Sure.

LOVELLA (V.O.)

Take yourself off No Caller ID.

MALE VOICES (V.O.)

Come on, say your name for us so we  
can moan it while we're jerking off  
thinking of fucking you in that  
tight little--

THE SOUND OF A PHONE HANGING UP, PICKING UP AGAIN.

MALE VOICES (V.O.)

Put this ten inch cock down your  
throat, bitch! I cum all over cunts  
like you all fucking day, bitch.

ALEJANDRO (V.O.)

Write about this dick, bitch.

LOVELLA (V.O.)

Alejandro?

MALE VOICES (V.O.)

I know where you live you fucking--

THE SOUND OF A PHONE HANGING UP.

FADE IN:

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Lovella lies wide awake in bed. Hair a mess. As soon as her  
phone rings again, she THROWS IT AGAINST THE WALL so hard one  
has to believe it has broken.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella opens the door to her bedroom to see J.W and his  
boyfriend approaching, uncanny timing. They're horned up,  
touching all over each other's asses.

J.W

Oh, momma. We were just going to  
ask if-- you okay?

LOVELLA

Just strip the sheets afterward.

She takes off past them.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella crosses to a picnic table in front of Alejandro's  
suite (rugby suite). She climbs on top and stares at the  
second story windows. The lights are on, blinds down. She's  
still, not a muscle moves.

The blinds of one window are pulled aside in one window just  
enough to see the shadow of a head peaking.

Rugby guy's POV: Lovella, mistakable for a horrifying shape  
shifting demon stares evilly with her head tilted.

She jumps down from the picnic table with a cat like grace and heads towards the building--- BLINDS CLOSE, peaking session over.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Lovella bursts through the bathroom doors and walks up the hallway. Stone faced. There's a new carelessness and confidence in her body language, in her strut - the dark side has taken over. She cracks her neck, LOUDLY. With her flask out in the open, she takes a shot - not caring who sees her.

As two classes dismiss further up the hallway, the exiting students coming toward her move out of her way as if afraid, staring at her as if she's become a celebrity... or something a little more sinister.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Lovella's closed, locked dorm room door. It's pitch black in the room. Shadows of feet in the hallway.

J.W (O.S.)  
 Lovella, hey? Ya in there? Lovella?  
 (beat)  
 Just wanted to know if you wanted  
 to grab a slushy with Xavier and I?

With no reply, the sets of feet retreat away, giving up.

J.W (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (softer)  
 Miss ya.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - SAME

Alejandro, Maddox and Forest all stumble drunkenly towards the back of the Thomasin Quad dormitory. They're fucking around, shoving and slapping each other.

They stop by Lovella's window.

FOREST  
 Call her. Call her.

Maddox rings up Lovella under the guise of No Caller ID, puts it on speaker - no answer. They then try opening her window. It's locked. They start BANGING ON HER WINDOW LOUDLY!

MADDOX  
 DING-DONG, is the witch home!?

They all laugh, the bullying continues with more POUNDING and more belittling insults. No answer. As they start to walk away... the window opens.

LOVELLA (O.S.)  
How about you say it to my face.

They all stop, turn around. Maddox approaches the window again to see Lovella standing inside the darkness, waiting patiently. He laughs (she's just a joke to him), leans into her face.

MADDOX  
Ah, there you are.

SHE SPITS IN HIS FACE.

Maddox YELLS OUT AN ARRAY OF CURSE WORDS before grabbing her by the shoulders and dragging her out the window.

MADDOX (CONT'D)  
I think the witch wants to come outside.

Alejandro keeps his distance as he watches Maddox. Soon Forest joins in on trying to pull up her night slip, slapping her ass jokingly and spewing PROFANITIES. They forcibly keep her down at waist-height as they start to "jokingly" simulate her (moving her head back and forth) giving them oral sex.

Kicking and shoving, mainly aiming for their private parts, Lovella's able to get away, crying and GROANING IN RAGE!

They all laugh at her, Alejandro is silent. Paralyzed in shock by the quick escalation of events. He never participated.

ALEJANDRO  
What the fuck you guys?

Lovella struggles to climb back inside of her window, legs shaking in fear. She slips.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella starts to search her drawers for something, but doesn't seem to find what she wants. She exits into...

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella doesn't bother turning on a light. She grabs a metal soap dispenser and HEAVES IT INTO THE MIRROR. Shards shower the double sinks. She grabs the largest one.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - CONTINUOUS

Lovella leaps out the window with her shard of glass. No sign of the three boys. She begins rubbing her eyes, moaning.

A VISION --- now brighter than ever and with audio, the FIERY SPARKS BURST AND FALL against a black backdrop. It's the same mesmerizing light show. The same TWINKLING rainfall.

Lovella drops the shard of glass in her hand that she's been holding on to so tightly her hand bleeds from superficial cuts. She now needs both hands to rub her eyes.

RANDOM COLLEGE KID  
Hey, you alright?

As the concerned STRANGER approaches, Lovella, acting as if blinded, stumbles to her feet. To avoid the confrontation, she leaps back into her dorm room window. IT SLAMS SHUT!

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

Vivienne heads up the hallway with her morning coffee and tote bag. The lights have yet to be turned on. She freezes when she sees a person lying on the floor outside her office.

VIVIENNE  
Hello?

She inches forward nervously until she's close enough to see that it's Lovella. She's not asleep, just lying there on her back like some road-kill clinging to life.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)  
Lovella? What are you doing here?  
How long have you been...

As Lovella sits up and turns to face Vivienne, we see that she's wearing the same night-slip (never having changed). Dried blood coats one of her hands, hair a mess, makeup runs down her face, dirt smears her thighs and knees, barefoot.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)  
Why are you all dirty?

Vivienne's at a loss for words, taking in the bizarre picture before her.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - EVENING

TWO POLICE OFFICERS pull over their squad car (absent of flashing sirens) and park on the grass by Thomasin Quad. They get out of the car, each carrying papers and head up a brick pathway. Students stop, stare.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A casual party scene with a modest amount of attendees as it's a weeknight. All rugby guys are present: Alejandro, Silvio, Forest, Maddox and Yusuf. Over the RAP MUSIC comes KNOCKING at the door.

Yusuf goes to the door and opens it to see the two police officers. He unconsciously backpedals out of fear before yelling out for them to lower the volume. Heads turn.

YUSUF

Hello, officers. We're all over 21.

POLICE OFFICER 2

Is this the residence of Alejandro Alvarez, Forest Vickerman and Maddox Wakefield?

Yusuf nods and steps aside, looking back at his buddies to come forward. All three do. Once at the door...

POLICE OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)

Alejandro Alvarez, Forest Vickerman, Maddox Wakefield?

Each nods, only one manages to speak the word, "yes."

POLICE OFFICER 1

Hello boys, you've been served.

The officer hands over the individual stacks of papers to the ghostly white shell-shocked boys.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - PARKING LOT - DAY

Lovella and Vivienne walk towards an expensive car, neither talk. Both wear perfectly tailored matching pant-suits - this looks like something Lovella couldn't have possibly afforded by herself.

Lovella carries a manila folder. The car BEEPS as Vivienne unlocks it. They climb inside.

INT. VIVIENNE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

As Vivienne drives, Lovella reads through her paperwork and rehearses lines quietly to herself. Her hands shake, Vivienne happens to glance over and see this.

VIVIENNE

No need to worry when you're  
confident with the material.

Lovella turns to her, nods.

Soon, they turn into the entrance of a courthouse.

INT. COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella and Vivienne enter, proceed through the security check where their bags and bodies are scanned through multiple metal detectors.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella sits alone at a table, Vivienne in the front row pew.

The courtroom is full with others (eighty-plus) awaiting their own hearings.

INT. COURTHOUSE - SAME

MALE BODIES in black suits move through the metal detectors.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hold on Lovella's reaction... Alejandro, Maddox, Forest, Yusuf and Silvio make their grand entrance with THREE LAWYERS, all dressed to the nines in quality black suites.

Lovella looks to Vivienne who motions for her to "stay calm."

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The boys and their lawyers sit in the same pew.

The FEMALE JUDGE (60) is already seated, reading some document preparing for the next case.

JUDGE

First up is Ludvik versus  
Wakefield.

Maddox and his lawyer are guided by a police officer to an  
opposing table.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Ms. Ludvik, approach the bench.

Lovella rises with her manila folder, goes to the bench.

COURT ROOM POLICE OFFICER

Raise your right hand. Do you  
solemnly swear that you will tell  
the truth, the whole truth, and  
nothing but the truth, so help you  
God?

LOVELLA

I do.

She sits down.

JUDGE

Ms. Ludvik, inform the court as to  
why you've filed this peace order  
against Maddox Wakefield.

LOVELLA

Mr. Wakefield sexually assaulted me  
outside of my dorm room on the  
night of September 16th at around  
two a.m. with the help of the two  
other defendants I've brought to  
your courtroom, Alejandro Alvarez  
and Forest Vickerman. I also  
suspect Mr. Wakefield of being one  
of the men who persists in sexually  
harassing me over a series of  
blocked phone calls over the past  
week and a half.

JUDGE

What was said over the phone calls?

LOVELLA

It's all written on the report.  
It's rather explicit.

JUDGE

I'd like to hear if from you, Ms.  
Ludvik.

Lovella takes a moment, preparing herself to say the profanities out loud. CUT OUT just as her mouth opens--

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maddox is on the stand being questioned by his lawyer.

MADDOX'S LAWYER  
Ever been in the same room  
together, perhaps at the same  
party?

MADDOX  
No.

MADDOX'S LAWYER  
Maybe exchanged a simple hello in  
passing?

MADDOX  
No.

MADDOX'S LAWYER  
You're sure about this, Mr.  
Wakefield?

MADDOX  
Yes.

MADDOX'S LAWYER  
Then it must be pretty impossible  
for her to have distinctly heard  
your voice on the other end of  
those blocked phone calls if today  
is her first time ever hearing it,  
wouldn't you agree, Mr. Wakefield?

MADDOX  
Yes, I would.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maddox's lawyer questions Silvio.

SILVIO  
I was up all night studying in the  
common room for a chem-lab.  
September 16th was a weeknight.  
Everyone was easily passed out by  
eleven.

MADDOX'S LAWYER

Is there any chance the three defendants could have left the suite before 2 a.m. without you knowing? Gone for a smoke, a car-ride?

SILVIO

How, if not through the suite's only, which I was right next to studying? The only other option would be to jump out of one of the windows, but our suite's on the second floor. They'd break a leg.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Yusuf is being questioned by Forest's lawyer.

FOREST'S LAWYER

And how credible do you find the plaintiff, Mr. Shepherd?

YUSUF

I've never formally met the her.

FOREST'S LAWYER

But you know of her, yes?

YUSUF

Yes. She and Alejandro briefly dated. I know of her through him.

FOREST'S LAWYER

And based off what you know, how would you define Ms. Ludvik's character.

YUSUF

From what I've seen and heard I believe her to be a deeply disturbed individual.

FOREST'S LAWYER

And why have you come to this conclusion?

YUSUF

Well, for one, Alejandro told me that she self-harms on various parts of her body, is an alcoholic, talks to dolls, is involved in the occult, so there may be some stunted emotional growth there.

LOVELLA

Speculation, your honor.

YUSUF

Not that I'm a psychiatrist though.

JUDGE

No, you're not, Mr. Shepherd.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Forest is being questioned by his lawyer.

FOREST

I myself have seen first hand she carries a flask around in her bag.

FOREST'S LAWYER

And how often did Alejandro witness Ms. Ludvik binge drinking?

FOREST

Every time they were together.

FOREST'S LAWYER

He never drank with her recreationally?

FOREST

Alejandro told me she once tied him up and forced him to take shots against his will. He also told me about how she would get physical with him whenever he tried to confiscate the alcohol from her.

Lovella quickly looks over at Alejandro who remains seated in his pew beside his lawyer - LIAR! They make eye-contact for only a split second before he looks away, ashamed.

FOREST'S LAWYER

Physical? You mean Ms. Ludvik would actually hit him?

FOREST

Yes. More than once. And it's a shame. Alejandro's a gentle giant. He'd never fight back.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Silvio's being questioned by Forest's lawyer.

FOREST'S LAWYER

How active are they, these woods?

SILVIO

Very. It's covered in trails. Every night there are bonfire and cookouts. Especially this time of year during fall. Students even camp out in tents.

FOREST'S LAWYER

Isn't it a little strange that no one witnesses this incredibly vile act of Mr. Ludvik being pulled, dragged from her window if the area has such a heavy traffic flow - especially as you said this time of year. No one overheard Ms. Ludvik's screaming? Not one person when the woods were right there?

Lovella's face - humiliated, flexing her jawline. The circumference of her DARK irises expand in size.

UNDER THE TABLE, her nails dig into the wood, one breaking.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

QUICK CUTS FROM ONE SUITEMATE TO THE NEXT---

MADDOX

I would never do any of the things I'm being accused of, your honor. I have no priors, no record, I'm in a happily committed relationship. I barely even knew who Ms. Ludvik was before being served three days ago.

FOREST

I apologize for wasting your time today, your honor.

(MORE)

FOREST (CONT'D)

It doesn't surprise me that Ms. Ludvik would concoct a story like this for attention. It's what my lawyer informed me is called, 'a case of the scorned lover.'

SILVIO

It was probably a persistent telemarketer. I get "No Caller ID" on my phone a few times every year.

YUSUF

I really have no more information or insight to share, your honor.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alejandro and his lawyer whisper sharply in each other's ears, arguing.

JUDGE

Ma'am, will your client be taking the stand or not?

Alejandro's lawyer rises.

ALEJANDRO'S LAWYER

Your honor, my client has informed me that he and Ms. Ludvik did not engage in a sexual relationship, therefore there are no grounds for a protective order.

LOVELLA

Excuse me, but I was informed by the county clerk that a sexual relationship is not exclusive to penal intercourse. Mr. Alvarez and I were involved in other intimate acts that I would deem sexual in nature.

The judge takes a beat before rising from her chair.

JUDGE

I'm not fully aware of this and will need to do research. The court will take a ten minute recess.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The female judge reenters and everyone rises.

JUDGE

You may be seated.

Everyone sits.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I have read nothing that states penal intercourse is needed to acquire a protective order. If the relationship is in any way non-platonic, there are grounds. With that being said, based on the lack of evidence I've heard, I'm unable to grant the protective order. If you find further evidence, I do encourage you, Ms. Ludvik, to reopen the case. The same goes for the other two peace orders as well.

No one has a chance to start rising from their seats before... A CEILING LIGHT ABOVE THE LEFT SIDE PEWS BURSTS (from faulty wiring) SENDING FIERY SPARKS AND PIECES OF PLASTIC SHOWERING THOSE UNDERNEATH. SCREAMS FILL THE ROOM!

Lovella jumps, wide-eyed - this was her vision. Two police officers quickly assist in helping people vacate the pews.

INT. COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The boys and their lawyers are gathered together, chit-chatting with ease as the hard work is over, even appearing almost as a boy's club.

Lovella walks out of the courtroom, gunning for the exit. Alejandro discreetly watches her go. Vivienne is waiting for her by the doors, but Lovella rushes right past her.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

It's started to drizzle outside.

Lovella storms off, headed for Vivienne's car. Vivienne is trying to catch up, calling out her name!

VIVIENNE

It's not even unlocked and I'm not going to unlock it until you stop.

Lovella stops in the middle of the road.

LOVELLA

Thank you for chauffeuring me around for free, for buying me this outfit at the Black and White Market, supporting me like you have is already more than anyone has ever done for me. Ever. But I don't want to talk right now, Vivienne. I don't want an uplifting speech. I don't want a bulletin of silver linings. I don't want you to tell me that the true victory lies in something that it doesn't. You've always been very direct with me, so I want to return the favor. What I want is to go home in SILENCE.

Vivienne stares at Lovella for a beat, watching her fight tears until she finally nods, agreeing in SILENCE to Lovella's terms.

She points her keys at the car, BEEP - unlocked. Vivienne rounds to the driver's side and gets in. Lovella stays back, composing herself and her emotions for a beat before rounding to the passenger side and getting in.

INT. VIVIENNE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

A silent car ride as the rain has picked up.

Lovella sits in the backseat on the drive home to distance herself from Vivienne. Her head leans against the window as she quietly cries. In the window's reflection: a projection of FAINT SPARKS BURSTING across the raindrop covered glass.

INT. PUBLIC SAFETY OFFICE - LATER

Vivienne speaks with a P.S officer up the hallway, while Lovella waits by the front desk. She takes a free piece of candy from a bowl and notices her reflection in the surface. A red streak of lipstick is smeared on the side of her mouth. She wipes it away.

Finished her conversation, Vivienne approaches Lovella.

VIVIENNE

You sure you don't want to be escorted to classes? They said they've done it for countless other students in the past and--

LOVELLA

Ew, God no. That would draw way too much attention.

VIVIENNE

Okay. Well, they're putting in a case for you to transfer dorms after the fall deadline, but it will take a couple weeks.

LOVELLA

Okay. Thank you.

VIVIENNE

Of course.

Vivienne rubs Lovella's arm, lovingly. She finishes wiping the smeared red lipstick off the side of Lovella's lips.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Let's go. Are you hungry?

LOVELLA

Maybe a little.

They walk out of P.S headquarters together.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - EVENING

Lovella enters and shuts the door behind her. She removes her fancy blazer and tosses it on the bed. The manila folder is tossed in the trash can. She crosses to the window and makes sure it's locked. It is.

A beat of watching the sunset over the woods, forboding.

She grabs a matchbox from her drawer, lights it and sets fire to the heart shaped drawing/bloody pillow swatch of Alejandro's blood hanging on the wall, letting go.

The sleeves of her wardrobe manifest the TRANSPARENT HUMANOID ARMS. No longer are they faded. They're vibrant again. One of the arms lifts, slowly extending itself in the direction of Lovella's backside as if to comfort her. It can't reach.

Lovella turns her head as if sensing something looming behind her to see this arm. She backpedals, leans into her hanging wardrobe. The hands all slowly, eerily reach for her, comforting, welcoming - her identity isn't lost. Lovella perches her bottom atop the dresser beneath and sinks back into the wardrobe as she continues staring off at the sunset.

INT. VIVIENNE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Class is dismissed. Lovella packs up her belongings. As she exits, she smiles and waves at Vivienne.

LOVELLA  
Happy autumn equinox.

Vivienne laughs at her quirkiness and bids her farewell.

A kind student compliments Lovella's black dress, Lovella thanks her with enthusiasm.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella walks up a bustling brick path, scanning the crowd of people. No sign of Alejandro or any of the rugby bros.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - EVENING

Lovella reaches her building's door and scans her key across the pad. Before entering, she glances back over at Alejandro's suite next door. No movement or lights come from the second story windows. The blinds are all pulled down.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Lovella is writing at her desk when KNOCKING interrupts her.

LOVELLA  
Yeah?

J.W enters.

J.W  
Hey, Lovella. There's a P.S officer outside asking for you.

LOVELLA  
What? Why?

J.W  
I don't know, momma, but he's asking for you.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella exits the building's front door to find a public safety officer waiting, holding a large envelope.

LOVELLA  
Can I help you?

PUBLIC SAFETY OFFICER  
Ms. Ludvik?

LOVELLA  
Yeah?

Saying nothing else, he hands over the envelope. Walks away.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella enters and opens the envelope to pull out a stack of stapled papers. She reads to herself... when her face drops.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

TWO TITLE NINE OFFICERS (one female, one male) sit on one side of a table while Lovella sits alone on the other.

INVESTIGATOR 1  
I will now read his statement from  
the initial report.

He takes a piece of paper out of the folder, begins...

INVESTIGATOR 1 (CONT'D)  
On the night of September 7th in  
Thomasin Quad 64, Ms. Ludvik forced  
me to take shots of Vodka against  
my will before violently beating  
me, mainly striking me in the face  
and genitals, then held me down and  
cut my left shoulder four times  
with a serrated knife. Thankfully,  
I was able to escape through the  
first floor window.

CUT TO:

THE WOODS

A QUICK SHOT of autumn leaves on the wooded floor rustling beautifully, dancing in the breeze.

The sound of frantic FOOTSTEPS nearby (off-camera).

CUT BACK TO:

CONFERENCE ROOM

INVESTIGATOR 1

I have since tried to cut off all contact with Ms. Ludvik, but she has been persistent in harassing and stalking me. I was the first boy to ever pay her any attention. I should have known she would get obsessive.

CUT TO:

THE WOODS

HEAVY BREATHING. The condensation from this breath is visible in the cold night air. The side of Lovella's face comes into view, her hair bouncing against her back. The trees whiz by.

CUT BACK TO:

CONFERENCE ROOM

INVESTIGATOR 1

Mrs. Ludvik is a sadistic predator who needs to be closely monitored by mental health professionals around the clock. I have been both physically and emotionally traumatized by this premeditated act of violence as I'm now scarred for life. For the safety of me and everyone else on campus, I ask for her immediate dismissal.

Investigator 2 reaches for a folder.

INVESTIGATOR 2

Here are your copies of the witness's depositions. So far four students have come forward in support of Mr. Alvarez's accusations. We ask that you review them at your own volition.

Investigator 2 pushes the folder towards Lovella. She promptly pushes it off the table. Papers fly everywhere. The investigators continue on, ignoring her poor behavior.

CUT TO:

THE WOODS

QUICK SHOTS of Lovella's arms swinging, black fabric from her dress flailing by her ankles. She's running barefoot.

CUT BACK TO:

CONFERENCE ROOM

INVESTIGATOR 2

Also submitted into evidence are several photos of Mr. Alvarez's left shoulder, along with a love letter which he claims you covered in your own blood and slid underneath his apartment door.

Investigator 2 holds up her love letter covered in (Alejandro's) blood sealed as evidence inside a zip-lock bag.

INVESTIGATOR 1

As this is an impartial investigation, Title Nine is required to give both parties the opportunity to defend their side of...

The investigator's words muffle, soon muting all together. Investigator 1's lips still move, but nothing is heard. We're now in Lovella's dissociative thoughts.

CLOSE ON her eyes fluttering open and closed as if drowsy.

CUT TO:

THE WOODS

FULL VIEW of Lovella running barefoot in a black gown through the woods - free. We lose sight of her... disappearing into the blackness, the belly of the deep woods.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END